

The Sketch

No. 759.—Vol. LIX.

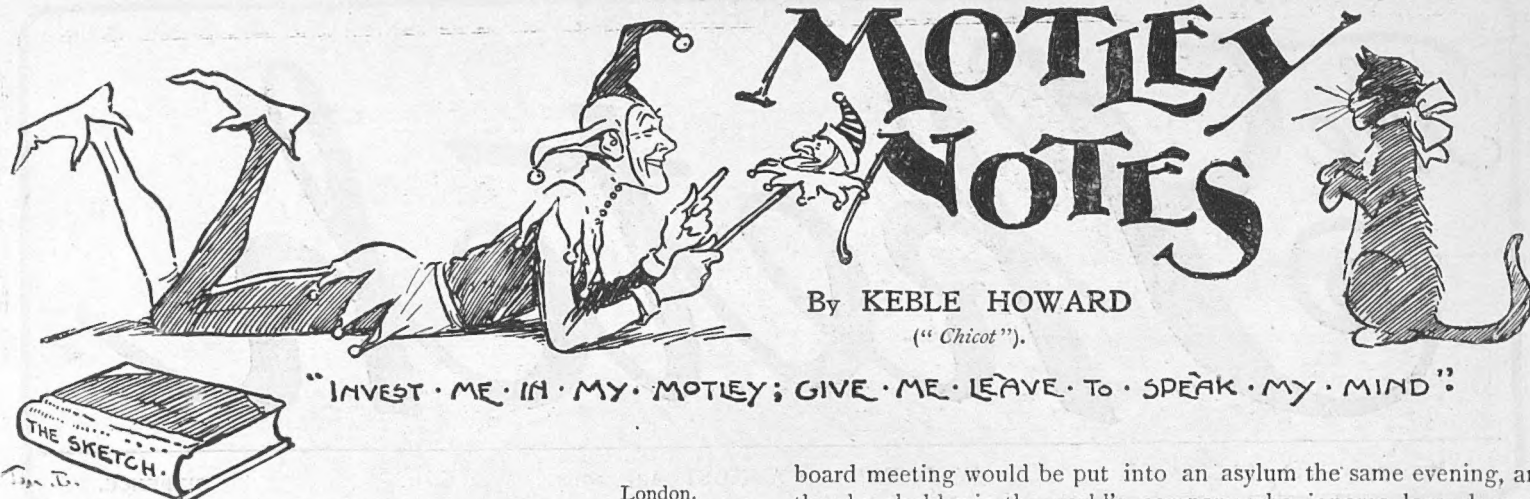
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER PLAGUE AT THE SEASIDE: AN ENTERPRISING SNAPSHOTTER AND HIS PREY.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by E. Frankl.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

"Telephone Nerves."

to me as follows—

"DEAR CHICOT,—Are you really worried by your telephone bell, or are you—as the children say—'only 'tending'? If you will lay your table instrument sideways, and slip a rubber band round the edge of each bell, you can put it in position again, and the deed is done. The hammers will beat on the rubber with a noise like that of the woodpecker.

"P.S.—I have no connection with telephone affairs, and have had no interest in rubber since infancy. Enclosed you will find two suitable bands. This is pure philanthropy, at one penny per act or deed."

I need hardly say that I appreciate most sincerely the human sympathy of my correspondent. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether anyone living is more easily touched by an act of spontaneous kindness than myself. When I opened my unknown friend's letter, and the little rubber bands dropped out, I was puzzled. When I read his note I was deeply moved. But when I tried to place the rubber bands round the bells of the telephone, I was—let me admit it frankly—disconcerted.

Dase Ingratitude.

In the first place, I should explain that the bells belonging to my telephone are not attached to the table instrument. They form the twin-crown, so to speak, of a sinister brown box that is screwed to my wall quite near the ceiling. In order to carry out my instructions, therefore, I was obliged to stand on a chair. This brought me into uncomfortable proximity—always presuming that the word is still extant—to the ceiling. I quickly discovered that the bells were thickly coated with London dust, and, long, long before I had adjusted the bands, this dust had been transferred to my hands and shirt-cuffs. Moreover, heat rises, and it was very hot at that altitude. The rubber-bands once in position, however, I washed, changed, and awaited results. In the ordinary way, my telephone "goes" at least once in every hour. On this particular morning nobody rang me up at all. I was dying to hear the hammer beat on the rubber with a noise like that of the woodpecker, but no beating happened. In the afternoon, according to my custom, I retired to rest. Then came the horrible thought—"If somebody, Somebody of Importance, rings me up, I shall not hear him." Well, even telephone nerves, you know, must not interfere with business. I rose, removed the rubber bands, washed once more, and lay down again. An ungrateful story, but a true one.

The Anti-Love Craze.

The present "Silly Season"—an objectionable but a recognised term—is chiefly notable for the contemptuously ignorant sayings on the subject of love. One dear lady seems to have won fleeting recognition by describing love as a "brain-change," whatever that may mean, and another writer, equally vague, has called it "a shadow over which people are continually tripping, believing it to be a real thing." The whole truth about love is not to be condensed into an epigram or a paragraph—even supposing that one knew it. But I insist on remarking that love is the one Life-Stimulant, and that the superior folk who try to expel the element from novels and playhouses are not only foolish but also enemies to literary art. The greater your vitality, the more you realise that the present is nothing, the future everything. It follows, then, that the chief thing in life is the perpetuation of life, and the world is merely a gigantic syndicate with love as its inexhaustible capital. The managing director who ignored his capital when presiding over a

board meeting would be put into an asylum the same evening, and the shareholder in the world's company who ignores love deserves much the same fate. I do not wish to be hard on the Anti-Love craze, because it is well, now and again, to shift the point of view. But, even now, it wilts.

Concerning Habits.

"Habits," declares a writer in *M.A.P.*, "are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. They eliminate the sauce of surprise from the dish of life. The man who always knows what he is going to do next can hardly be said to live, for it is worse than death to lose the capacity of astonishing yourself." Now, at the first reading, I was disposed to agree with that declaration. Consideration, though, showed me that the writer, though clever, was on the shallow side. It is well, as I have just said, to shift the point of view, but is not well, I fancy, to be continually plucking yourself up by the roots. Nature evidently intended us to be creatures of habit. Health, to begin with, depends upon habit, and most of the joys and blessings of life, of which there are many, spring, as you will admit, from health. It is perfectly true that "the man who always knows what he is going to do next can hardly be said to live," but it would be even truer if such a man had yet been born into the world. Try as you may, you will never eliminate the sauce of surprise from life. There is always an unexpected shilling to be found or an unseen banana-skin to fall over. Cultivate the habit of anticipating both, and you will enjoy your little walk.

MORE OF AUNT EMILY'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUDDER GRANGE has taken a house on the banks of the Thames. He has had very little experience of rivers—in fact, he has never been in a boat in his life. "Will you," he asks, "give me a few hints as to the etiquette of the river, in order that I may not come to be regarded as an out-and-out bounder?"—Certainly, my dear Rudder Grange; but, in the first place, allow me to assure you that you can never be an out-and-out bounder, as you so humorously phrase it, so long as you take in *Aunt Emily's Cosy Chat* and cut out the coupons. Now about the river. (1) A good deal of innocent fun is to be derived from catching your scull in fishing-lines and breaking them (the lines) off short. If the fisherman clings to his rod, and you can pull him head-first into the river, so much the better. They are jolly fellows, for the most part, and thoroughly appreciate the little diversion. (2) A real wag, as I am sure you are, from your *nom-de-plume*, can make almost everybody laugh when going through a lock by pulling lustily at his oars, as though he were in the open stream. The ladies will thus be enabled to enjoy a hearty scream, and the splintering of wood that should ensue falls most soothingly on the jaded ears of the lock-keeper. (3) Don't forget to push *Aunt Emily's Cosy Chat*.

PRETTY LITTLE MILDRED has been subjected to a certain amount of unpleasantness at the hands of a rascally knave who is no gentleman. It seems that PRETTY LITTLE MILDRED, in a moment of joviality, asked this person to put five pounds on a horse for her. The person did so, the horse lost, and PRETTY LITTLE MILDRED, having always been accustomed to mix in the very best society, naturally concluded that the whole incident was closed. But the ungentlemanly knave wrote her to the effect that he had been very hard hit himself, and would be glad of the five pounds.—My correspondent would be foolish in the extreme if she allowed herself to be blackmailed in this way. It was not her fault that the horse lost, and she is under no obligation whatever to the person unnamed. I should advise her to (1) avoid his society in future, (2) safeguard herself against malice by blackening his character in every possible way, and (3) make any other bets only through very rich men. (Coupon duly received.)

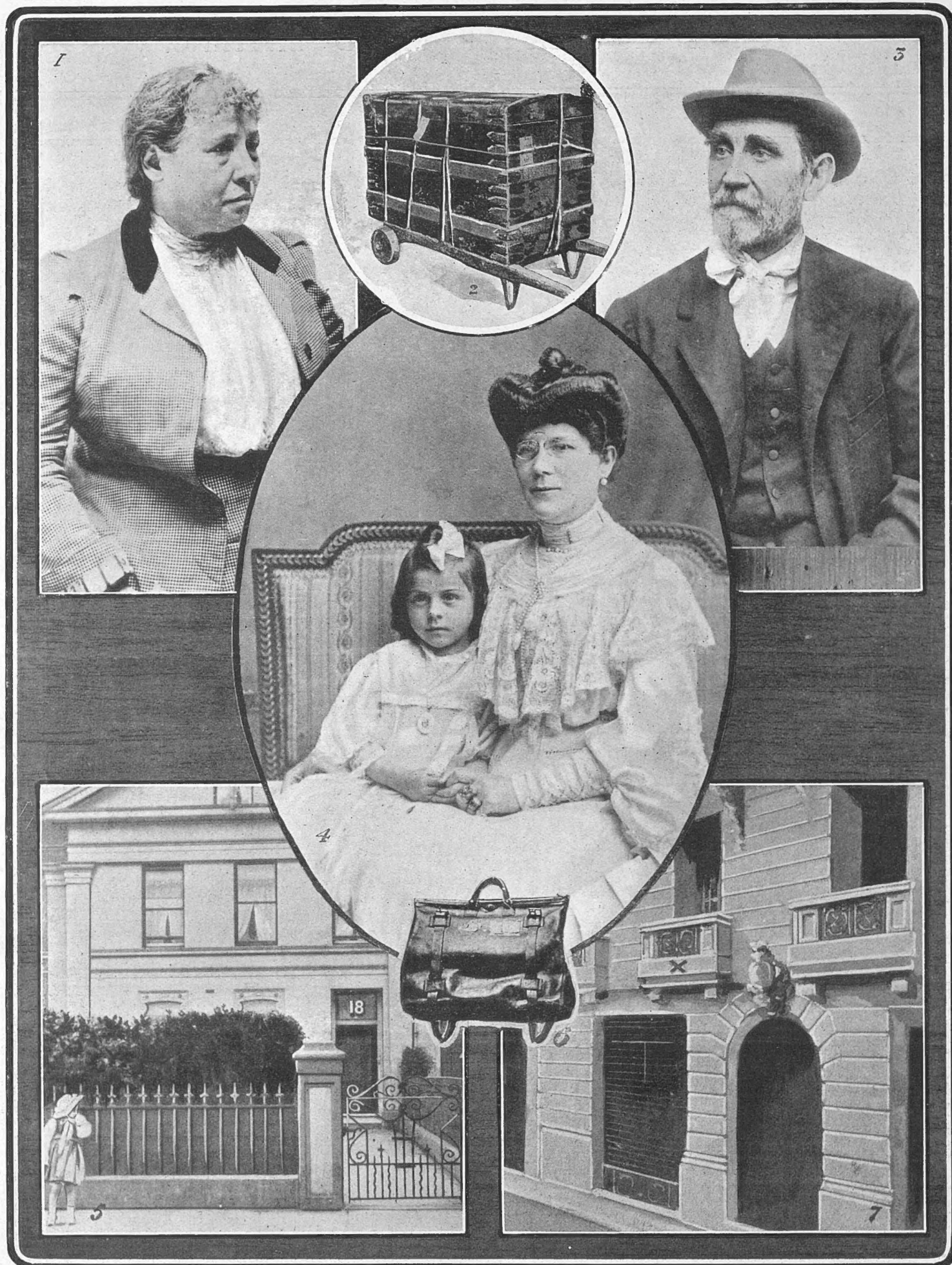
THE BEAR IDEA OF MIXED BATHING.



POLAR BEARS AT PLAY IN THEIR BATH.

Photograph by L. Bland.

THE GREAT MONTE CARLO TRUNK MYSTERY.



1. "LADY GOOLD," WHO, WITH HER HUSBAND, IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF MRS. EMMA LEVIN, WHOSE DISMEMBERED BODY WAS FOUND IN THE COUPLE'S TRUNK.
2. THE TRUNK IN WHICH THE DISMEMBERED BODY OF MRS. EMMA LEVIN WAS DISCOVERED.
3. "SIR VERE GOOLD," SAID TO BE THE BROTHER OF SIR JAMES STEPHEN GOOLD, BT., WHO, WITH HIS WIFE, IS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MRS. EMMA LEVIN.

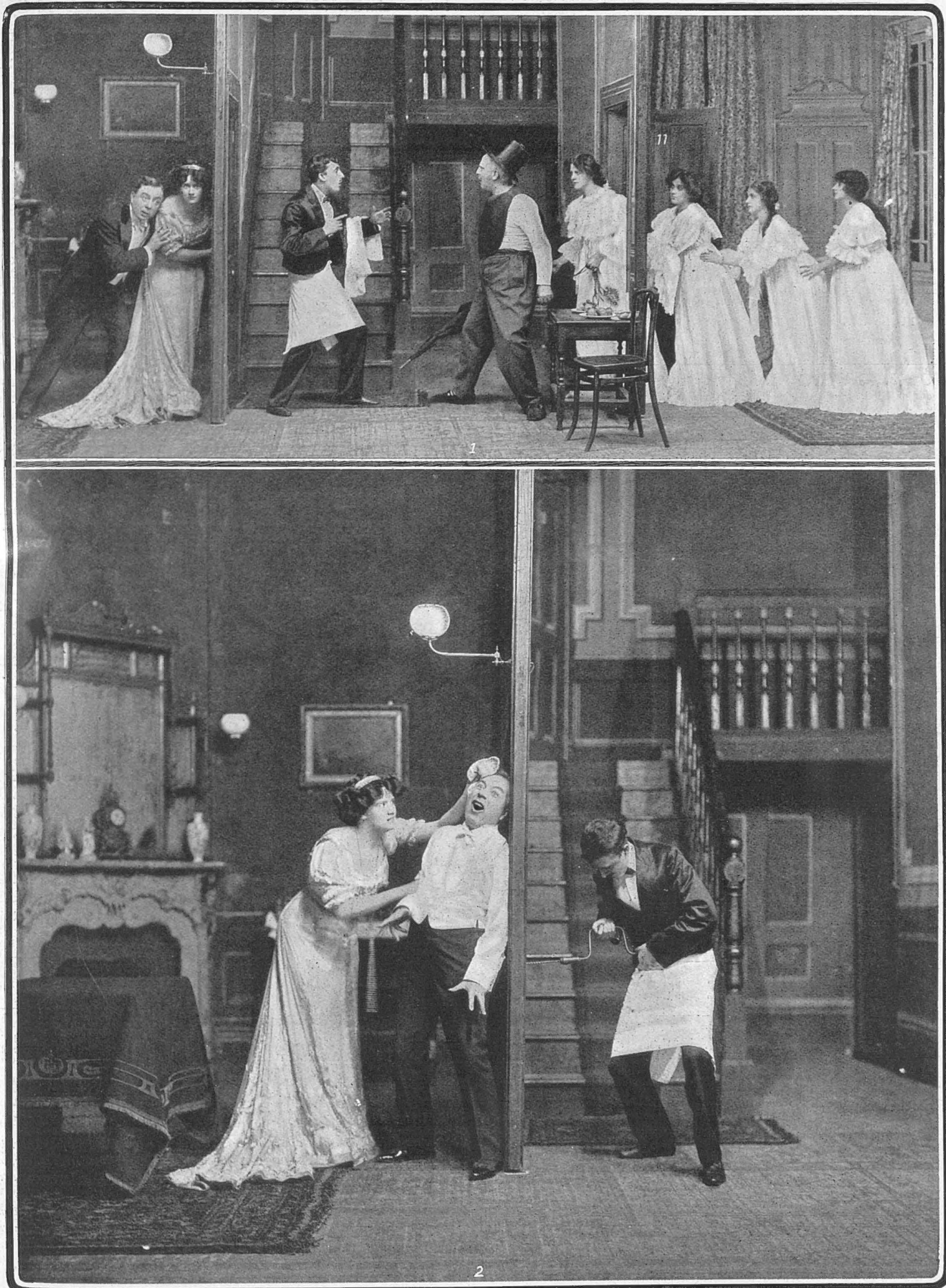
4. THE VICTIM OF THE TRUNK TRAGEDY: MRS. EMMA LEVIN (NEE ALQUIST), WIDOW OF A WELL-KNOWN STOCKHOLM MERCHANT.
5. THE GOOLD'S HOME IN ENGLAND: 18, ADELAIDE TERRACE, WATERLOO, NEAR LIVERPOOL, WHERE "SIR VERE AND LADY GOOLD" LIVED FOR NEARLY TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS.
6. THE HAND-BAG THAT CONTAINED THE VICTIM'S HEAD AND LEGS.
7. THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE STRANGE CRIME: THE VILLA MENESINI AT MONTE CARLO—THE GOOLD'S FLAT, IN WHICH THE TRAGEDY IS SAID TO HAVE OCCURRED (X).

The extraordinary Monte Carlo trunk mystery has been so much written about that there is little need to go into details here. It may be recalled, however, that last week a trunk consigned to London from Marseilles was found to contain the dismembered body of a woman. This was identified as the body of Mrs. Emma Levin, and it was at once assumed that she had been murdered in the Goold's flat at Monte Carlo. The Goolds were arrested immediately, and have been charged with the murder.

Photographs 1, 2, 3, and 5 by Illustrations Bureau; 4 by Graphic Press Agency; 6 by Hamilton; 7 by courtesy of the "Petit Parisien."

"OH, WHAT A NIGHT!": "A NIGHT OUT,"

REVIVED AT THE CRITERION.



1. MATHIEU (MR. FREDERICK VOLPÉ) AND HIS DAUGHTERS ARE DISTURBED BY STRANGE NOISES IN THEIR APARTMENTS, AND DEMAND EXPLANATIONS, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF BOULOT, THE WAITER (MR. LAWRENCE WHITE), JOSEPH PINGLET (MR. GEORGE GIDDENS), AND MARCELLE PAILLARD (MISS MARGUERITE LESLIE).

2. BOULOT, THE WAITER AT THE HÔTEL MASCOTTE, IS CURIOUS, AND PROCEEDS TO MAKE A PEEP-HOLE, TO THE BODILY DISCOMFORT OF JOSEPH PINGLET (MR. GEORGE GIDDENS), WHO IS ENTERTAINING MRS. PAILLARD (MISS MARGUERITE LESLIE).

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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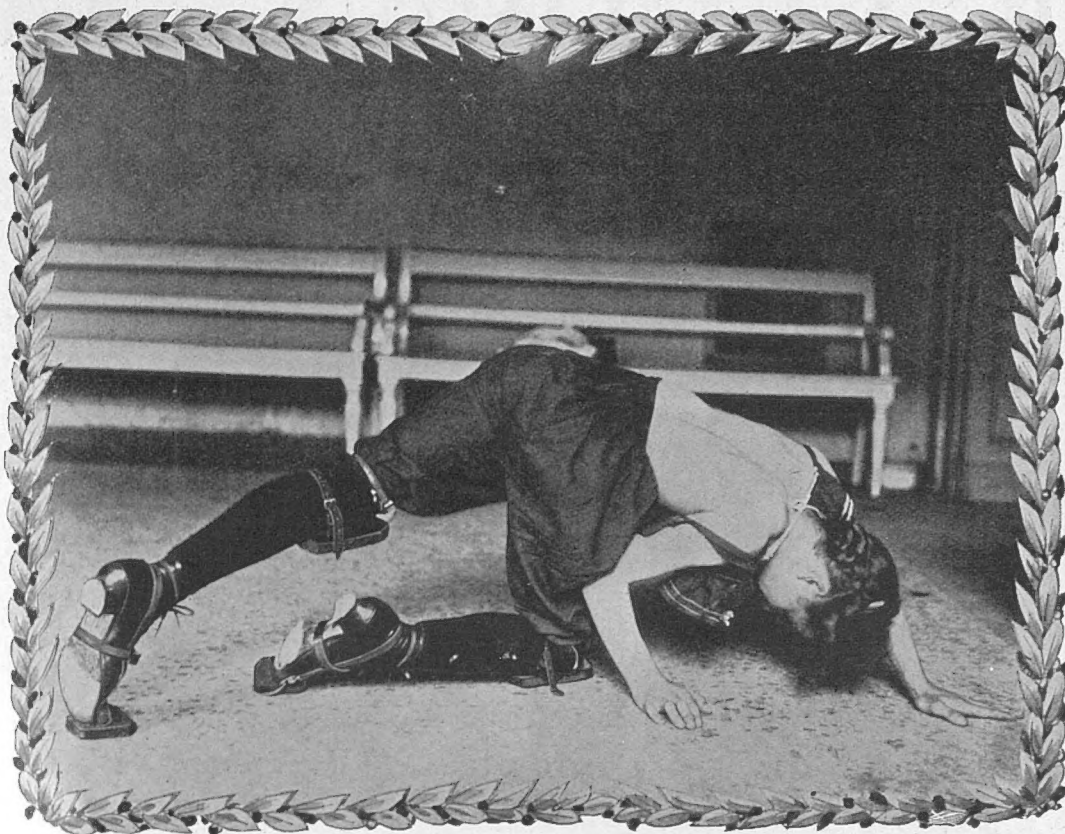
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PRESCRIPTION: THE CRAWL, AS BEFORE;
TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY.—AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW CURE.

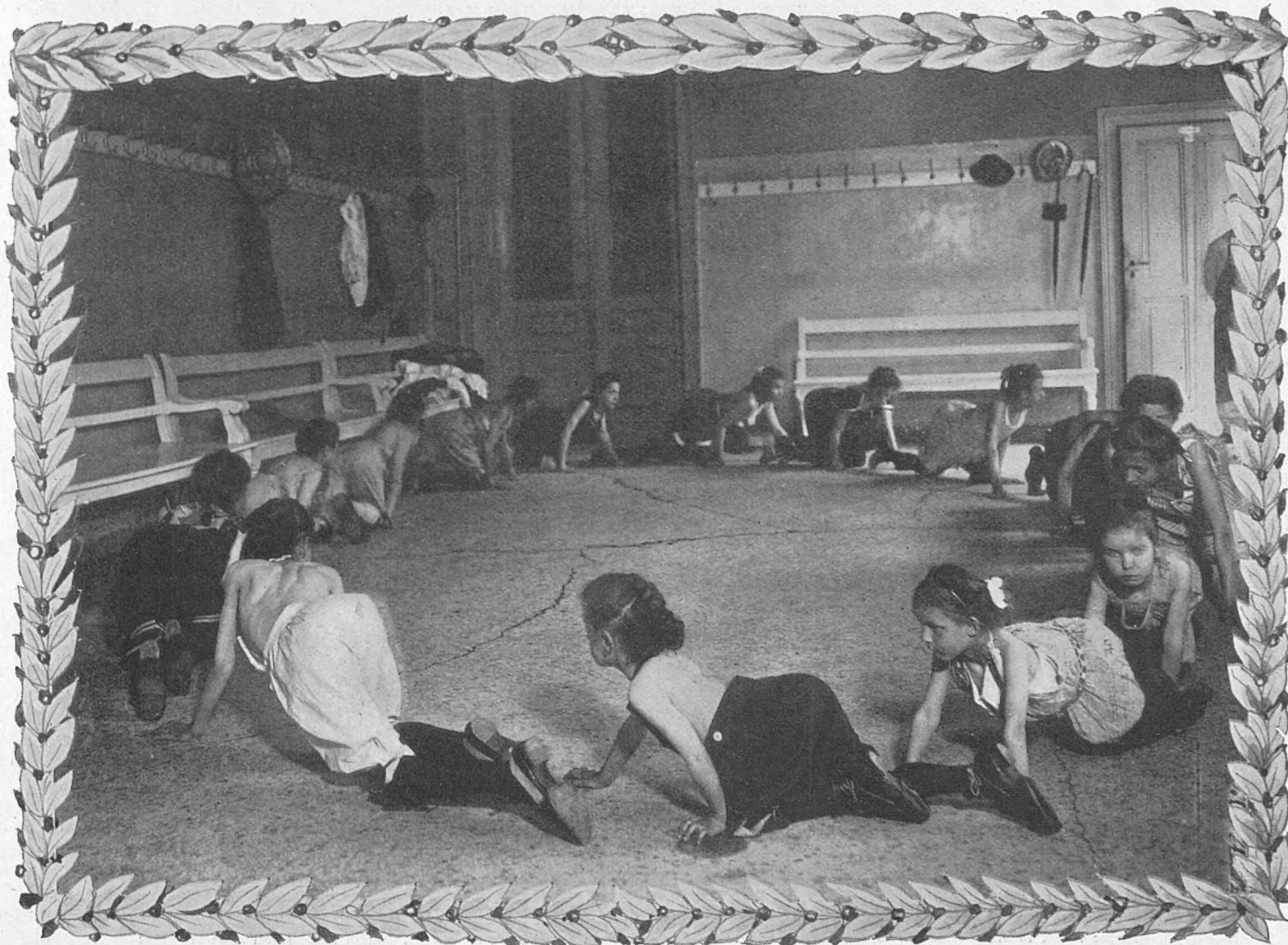


THE CRAWL-CURE IN BEING: PRACTISING AN EXERCISE TO LEVEL
THE SHOULDERS.



THE CRAWLER'S EQUIPMENT, SHOWING
THE FELT KNEE AND TOE PADS.

The exercises are intended chiefly to strengthen the muscles of the back. The particular movement shown in the first photograph is for those who have one shoulder higher than the other. The lowering of the head and the forcing out of the side of the body towards which the patient inclines, owing to weakness, results in the strengthening of the corresponding parts of the muscles of the back. The second photograph shows the crawler's dress. In order that they may have perfect freedom of movement, both sexes wear knickerbockers. The back of the patient is left uncovered, in order that the movement of the muscles may be noted. The knees and the toes are protected by felt caps.



CRAWLING ALONG THE ROAD TO HEALTH: A GROUP OF CHILDREN UNDER THE NEW CRAWL-CURE IN BERLIN.

In this photograph an excellent idea is given of the cure in progress. It will be noted that the young patients wear the form of costume and protectors shown in the two other photographs.—[Photographs by Halftones.]



THE CLUBMAN

THE TSAR AND THE CINEMATOGRAPH—THE MONOTONY OF THE EMPEROR'S LIFE—THE BIG STICKS—
BOMBARDMENTS—REALISM AT MANŒUVRES.



THE great enjoyment the Tsar showed at a cinematograph entertainment on board Prince Henry of Prussia's flag-ship is a reminder of the terribly uninteresting life that this ruler of thousands must lead. No free man, probably, sees so little of the outer world as does this emperor of millions. He sees the people of his palace, and the people who come to his palace, at his invitation, but of the ordinary life of cities he knows nothing. When he made his State visit to Paris he told the President of the period that his dearest wish was to come back again with his wife and "do" Paris just as ordinary travellers "do" it. This very simple desire he has never been able to carry out. It is pathetic that a man who should be able to command every pleasure and every luxury should be obliged to learn of the life he desires ardently to know by looking at moving pictures thrown upon a screen.

There is a good deal of shaking of big sticks going on now, purely in the cause of peace, of course. The President of the United States has decided definitely that the battle-ship fleet shall go to the Pacific, more as a compliment to the Japanese than for any other reason. The Kaiser has shown the Tsar the full force of the German fleet, and has thrown out a suggestion that a reconstructed and powerful Russian fleet in the Baltic would, in conjunction with the Teuton armada, keep the peace very effectively in northern seas; and we have been patting our big stick as it lay in the Solent, and have been congratulating ourselves that our policeman's bâton is larger and could hit harder than that of anyone else.

The bombardment of Casa Blanca may mean to the French what the bombardment of Alexandria meant to us, for it is the first real sign the Moors have had that Frenchmen are not to be murdered with impunity. Spain is not making the mistake now that France made in Egypt. France did not care to take her part in doing police work in the land of the Pharaohs, and Great Britain alone accepted the post of caretaker. Spain to-day is acting with France in every way in Morocco, and may gain solid benefit by so doing. A bombardment is not the terrible thing it seems to be from all the smoke and the noise, and an extraordinarily small number of people are always killed in proportion to the number of shells fired. I was in Alexandria immediately after its bombardment, and

though a gun had been dismantled in one of the forts, and the stone parapets had been knocked about, very few men had been killed. To bombard the mass of huts which constitutes a Moorish town is like firing at a haystack because there is a rat in it. It is a military axiom that artillery frightens more than it hurts, and the Moors who were killed in Casa Blanca were the men who were foolish enough to stand up in street fighting to European troops armed with modern rifles and bayonets, not the gentlemen who sat securely in cellars. Whether a Moorish Tel-el-Kebir is to follow the Casa Blanca bombardment time will show, but there are plenty of potential Arabis in Morocco.

We have learned, and are going to learn a good deal more, from the Swiss Army, and I think that one of the many things the mountaineers have taught us is realism in military manœuvres. At Chatham real parapets are being blown up, and British troops, for the first time since the Crimean War, are learning what a breach looks like, and the kind of obstacles they would have to encounter in an assault. In my soldiering days, any realism was strictly discouraged, and the nearest approach permitted to blowing up a bridge was for a sapper corporal and a private to sit on its parapet for a quarter of an hour and then to hang a notice on a stick—"This Bridge is Blown Up." We have not yet gone quite as far as the Swiss, who, in their manœuvres, if it is necessary to put a house in a state of defence at a point where a battle might have to be decided, do so thoroughly and then pay the owner on the spot for all damage done.

I do not for a moment suppose that anything so drastic as this will ever be done in England, and I can imagine the indignation of the Englishman, who boasts that his house is his castle, on finding that it had become somebody else's castle; that his

fencing had been converted into wire entanglement; that the ornamental trees on his lawn had been cut down and pegged to the ground, with the ends of the branches sharpened; that all the glass in his windows had been broken; that his mattresses had been used to make shields against bullets; and that buckets of water and heaps of sand were on all his best carpets. Yet this is what happens to a house when it is to be defended.



A LADY WHO IS CLAIMING TWENTY MILLION MARKS FROM THE KAISER: THE VISCOUNTESS D'ALLONVILLE.

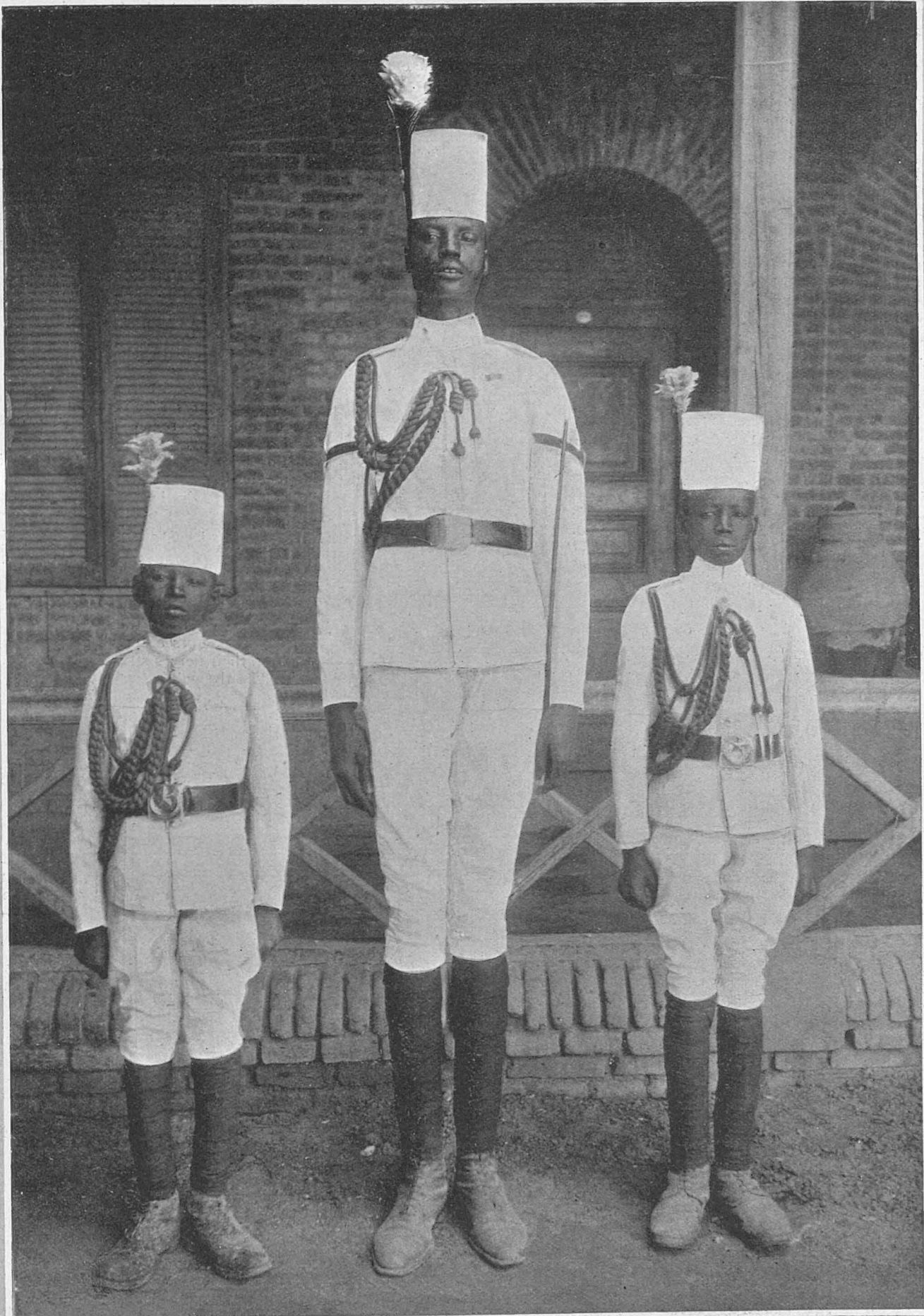
The Viscountess makes her claim against the Kaiser as descendant and heir of Frederick the Great, who, it is said, incurred the debt to Field-Marshal Count de Muenich in 1741. The claim has been made from time to time. It is expected that if the Viscountess prove successful there will be rivals who say that they are descended from Count Muenich.



"EXTRA SPESHULS" SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN: THE MOUNT WASHINGTON SLIDE-BOARD AT WORK.

At the top of Mount Washington is published daily a tourists' paper, known as "Among the Clouds," which contains all news from the summit, a visitors' list, and so on. The paper is taken down the mountain by means of slide-boards, here illustrated for the first time. Each of these boards is 3½ ft. long, and they are generally sent down in batches of five at a time, with a man and a bundle of papers on each. They are 1½ ft. wide, slide on steel runners, and fit over the cog-wheel. Each is provided with a cushion. The trip from the summit to the base of the mountain, a distance of about three miles, is made in three minutes.—[Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Company.]

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A BUGBEAR TO THE ARMY CLOTHING DEPARTMENT: A 6 FT. 8 IN. MEMBER OF THE SIRDAR'S ESCORT, WITH TWO OF THE BOYS OF THE SUDANESE INFANTRY BAND, AT KHARTOUM.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.



"EDMUND KEAN," AT THE HACKNEY EMPIRE, AND SOME NOTES
CONCERNING SKETCHES.

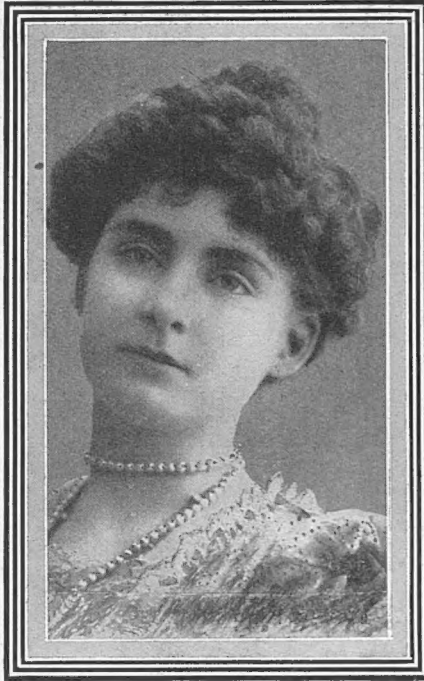
THOUGH curtain-raisers and short sketches have good reason to complain of the indifference of the ordinary theatre-goer, there is no doubt that at the suburban halls they come into their own. There are no late-comers to distract attention; the audience is vast; it likes its comic men, but it can turn from them for half-an-hour to a little piece of melodrama with a warmth of sympathy which is wonderful to behold. And melodrama seems less melodramatic and more pardonable in such surroundings. These reflections are the result of a visit to the Hackney Empire to see "Edmund Kean," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Corda. In itself it is a comparatively humble thing of theatrical sentiment. Kean is new to Drury Lane; everybody is jealous and talks of the glories of Macklin; and the newcomer is ferocious and quells them with his eye, till he breaks down, and passionately tells them of poverty and a starving wife. Then comes a change; they rehearse again, kindly and helpfully, and all goes well. That is all. Mr. Frank Cochrane rolls out his lines—sometimes by Shakespeare and sometimes by the authors—with a fine frenzy which touches the heart of the gallery, and the audience is unrestrainedly delighted. It may be that this kind of sketch, however meritorious in itself, does little to fulfil the hopeful prophecies of some people, that the halls might serve as nurseries for the theatre. So far as acting is concerned they do serve, and for a long time past have served, but not as regards drama; in fact, all that I have seen of drama in them is little better than boiled-down stuff of the ordinary playhouse type, its chief characteristic being violence. In fact, the average sketch—I am not suggesting that "Edmund Kean" is not better than the average sketch—has the vices of the customary commonplace play in a concentrated form. "Edmund Kean" (which, by the way, seems to owe nothing to "Kean," the supremely absurd melodrama of the elder Dumas, itself the source from which that terrible piece "David Garrick" was taken) to some extent avoids this fault, because the experience of the playwrights, who have already many a success to their credit, has shown the futility of trying to get a quart into a pint pot. The homely phrase contains a true criticism of the ordinary sketch, as well as of the one-act play of the old type. Possibly some day we shall see sketches which recognise candidly the circumstances of their production, and do not try to be complete plays in miniature. I do not know whether audiences of the halls would appreciate them, but I can imagine that, if neatly handled, some of the clever little studies of Mr. Pett Ridge might be converted into excellent sketches.

Perhaps the patrons of the Hackney Empire would not

accept Mr. Pett Ridge's work as truthful. To me he seems to make fine, deep studies; but my knowledge of the originals, or rather my ignorance of them, makes me unable to judge of the truthfulness of the entertaining pictures of the lower middle class and the stratum below. Possibly, too, if they are true, the patrons of the Hackney Empire will not see the humour in the fun. Much that seems comic to me may appear quite natural to the originals. Moreover, they may not demand a criticism of life, and even may refuse to tolerate it. Probably they are all for romance, or sordid but sham realism.

Nevertheless it may be assumed that, to some extent at least, the pleasure-seekers who crowd the Hackney Empire, and the scores of other Empire music-halls, form the pit and gallery of the ordinary legitimate theatres—the pit, which still is fondly believed by many people to be richer in sound judgment in matters of art than the rest of the house. If this be the case, something of the movement towards truth discernible with some difficulty in the theatres may penetrate the halls. For it must be remembered that the halls of London have appreciated some real artists. For instance, Yvette Guilbert has been well received, despite the subtlety of some of her work. Lately I read some remarks of hers which suggest the possibility of a new form of dramatic or semi-dramatic entertainment. In a letter by her to the *Figaro* I find these phrases: "Let histrionic art be rejuvenated. The time, perhaps, will come when the actor's improvisation will automatically make us laugh or shed tears. Let the arenas again be opened, and the actors enter with their ideas boiling over, their nerves strung to the highest pitch, and let the public suggest to each an action or character to be mimicked; let a dozen different ideals be impersonated; then real, true, and original talent will be discovered, which will

no longer be guided by the author and stage-manager and theatrical director, but which will be free, untrammelled, and no longer ready-made emotions." There is, perchance, a valuable idea in these words, written by a woman of genius and success. It may be that the art of improvisation is rare among us—certainly our language is hostile to improvisation in verse; but verse is not essential. Still, it is likely that there would be found a certain number of performers who could enter "the arena" with their ideas simmering, if not exactly boiling over, and their nerves strung to the highest pitch; and something of value might be evolved from their efforts to carry out the suggestions of the audience. I should not refer to this if I thought it at all likely that such performances would affect real drama and dramatists; it might, however, give some variety to the programmes of the halls.



A RUSSIAN ADMIRAL'S NIECE AS MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE: Mlle. STARCK.

It is said that the largest salary paid to any music-hall artiste in France at the present time is being drawn by the charming actress Mlle. Starck, a niece of the unfortunate Russian Vice-Admiral of that name.



Nigger minstrels (Messrs. Percival Clark and Alfred Bellew). Harry (Mr. E. W. Tarver). Jennie (Miss Rhoda Ray).

"CHARLIE, THE SPORT," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Harry, who has just returned from America, finds that his old sweetheart, Jennie, is engaged to Charlie, the Sport, and is seeking to persuade her to give up her lover when he is interrupted by the arrival of two niggers.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



1. NICHOLAS, NINTH EARL OF LAIDLAW (MR. EDWARD COMPTON), AND HIS VALET, MR. DORMER (MR. ERIC LEWIS), DISCOVER THE MAGIC POTION, WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO TRANSPORT THEMSELVES FROM THE TWENTIETH TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
2. NICHOLAS, NOW FOURTH EARL OF LAIDLAW, FIGHTS A DUEL WITH ENSIGN RUPERT TREVOR (MR. HENRY AINLEY), AND KILLS HIM BY AN UNSCRUPULOUS TRICK OF FENCE.

3. NICHOLAS, NINTH EARL, DISCUSSES WITH MR. DORMER HIS FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE TO MISS STACEY TREVOR-COKE.
4. NICHOLAS, NINTH EARL, AND MR. DORMER, HAVING DRUNK THE MAGIC POTION, FIND THEMSELVES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—THE FORMER AS THE FOURTH EARL; THE LATTER AS DORMER, HIS BODY-SERVANT.
5. NICHOLAS, FOURTH EARL OF LAIDLAW, STEPS FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE PERSON OF NICHOLAS, NINTH EARL.

Nicholas, Ninth Earl of Laidlaw, is engaged to Miss Stacey Trevor-Coke. He is a Peer with a past, and his fiancée is doubtful whether he is marrying her for money or for love. She challenges him, and is put off with an equivocal answer. Then the Earl and his valet discover a potion, the brew of an ancestor, that enables them to transport themselves to the eighteenth century. Thus, the Ninth Earl becomes the Fourth. In this state of existence he is to marry Anastasia Coke, and in it, also, he is by way of being a pretty blackguard. His doings in the eighteenth century convert him—in a mysterious way, clearer to the authors of the play than to the audience—into a devout lover, and in the end, having drunk the antidote, he is back in the twentieth century, and there is a prospect of wedding-bells in the near future.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

SMALL TALK



SIGNOR FAUSTO LEVA,
Who is to marry Miss Nora Shelley.
Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.

IN the past there have been many Anglo-Italian marriages, for the daughters of our great Roman Catholic families have been eagerly welcomed as brides by the Italian nobility. Indeed, many of Marion Crawford's most delightful romances have dealt with the dramatic war of characters brought about by these different nationalities gathered together under old Roman roof-trees. Of late years, however, these marriages, instead of becoming more common, have become rather rare, and it is pleasing to learn of an exception to the rule. On Saturday week (Aug. 24) Miss Nora Shelley, who is, of course, related to the great poet who loved Italy so truly and in so romantic a fashion, will marry Signor Fausto Leva, of the Italian navy. Signor Leva is a Roman, and connected with many of the great families of his country. His bride is a sister of Sir John Shelley, and is descended from a younger brother of the poet. The wedding will take place in the Servite Church.

Something in a Name. A feature of the season's cricket has been the disappearance from the newspaper reports of the host of names of men who were induced to criticise the game as well as to play it. And—let the truth be confessed—the reports are all the better for being left in the hands of men trained for the work. Names are not everything where experts read the matter appearing over those names. Names never have sufficed, even in more pretentious journalism than sporting. The magazines have tried it without success. An ingenious soul planned a sixpenny copy of the *Nineteenth Century*, and resolved to have all his articles written and signed by members of the aristocracy. Apparently the honour of contributing to the magazine was to compensate the writers. At any rate, one who knew the terms, when informed by the proprietor of the difficulty of finding a suitable title, made this suggestion: "We have got *Cornhill* and *Ludgate* and *Strand*—why not call yours *Cheap-side*?"

Mistress of the Dances.

The dances were one of the most successful features of the Bury St. Edmunds Pageant. They owed their being to Miss C. E. Jannings, who, as Mistress of the Dances, worked exceedingly hard and with great skill, composing and arranging them. One of the dances, indeed, in which some sixty performers appeared, took a year to teach. Miss Jannings, who, as we have noted, is to be married this month, is very well known in West Suffolk.

Trying his Lordship.

The recent agitation for the better safeguarding of money deposited by clients with solicitors must not be allowed to suggest that all solicitors do not look faithfully to the



MISTRESS OF DANCES AT THE BURY ST EDMUNDS PAGEANT: MISS C. E. JANNINGS,

Who is to marry Mr. John J. Metcalfe this month.
Photograph by H. F. Farman.



MISS NORA SHELLEY,
Who is to marry Signor Fausto Leva.
Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN CARLSBAD AND THE FIVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN: WINNERS OF THE ANNUAL BEAUTY SHOW.

From left to right the ladies are: Yolanda Singer, of Hungary; Anita Herz, of Berlin; Erna Riedel, of Berlin; Hara Nodeberesky, of Russia; Dora Kirsch, of Odessa. The gentleman is Louis Dorie, of Vienna.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.



A LAST-WORD PUZZLE-TEXT AT BLACKPOOL: BISHOP THORNTON PREACHING ON THE SANDS.

The banner, of course, bears the text in full. The photographer is responsible for the abbreviation, which certainly has a curious effect.

Photograph supplied by Fotoco.

pecuniary interests of those who put their trust in them. Especially is the contrary true in the case where, A having placed a sum in the hands of B, B has been compelled to hand it on to a greater man in the person of C. For example, a Judge, now deceased, had many briefs on hand at the moment of his elevation to the Bench. A solicitor who had instructed him in one case called, and suggested that as his client was not a rich man, the new Judge might properly return the sum which he had been paid for the conduct of a case which he could no longer take. His Lordship was profoundly sensible of the morality of the suggestion. It ought undoubtedly to be done—nothing could be more just; but, then, it was not for him to establish a precedent which would be unwelcome to the profession. He was naturally of a retiring disposition. "Exactly, my Lord," answered the solicitor. "We quite anticipated that you would experience such a difficulty, and for that reason we have stopped the cheque." Whether the language the new Judge must have used, if only to himself, was of a judicial nature the chronicles do not relate. It may be taken, however, that it would have sounded odd from the Bench, and must have been blacker than the black cap.

"DOG - FISHING": CATCHING THE "SALMON OF THE SEA."



1. MR. LEO LACOMBE, THE WINNER OF THE RECENT DOG-FISH CATCHING COMPETITION AT BIARRITZ, WASHING ONE OF HIS VICTIMS IN THE SEA.

2. SOME OF THE FISHERMEN ENGAGED IN THE COMPETITION.

3. THREE OF THE PRINCIPAL COMPETITORS, WITH SAMPLES OF THEIR CATCH. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. JEAN LÉGLISE, COUNT PIGNATELLI D'ARAGON, AND MR. LEO LACOMBE.

4. COUNT PIGNATELLI D'ARAGON, MR. LEO LACOMBE, AND MR. JEAN LÉGLISE, WITH A FINE FISH.

5. MR. LACOMBE AND COUNT PIGNATELLI D'ARAGON, PROMINENT COMPETITORS.

It will be remembered that some months ago a move was made to popularise the much-despised dog-fish as food in this country, and at the Conference then held it was suggested that the obnoxious name should be got rid of, and that the fish should be known as the "salmon of the sea." In France and in some other places the dog-fish is already a popular article of diet. Only a few days ago there was held at Biarritz a competition for a silver cup given by the Duke de Baena. The prize went to the fisherman who caught the greatest number of dog-fish, the rule being that in the case of a tie the fisherman who had the weightiest catch was to be the winner.

Photographs by Charles Trampus.



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, LADY "THEO" ACHESON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

being as master of the house in which he finds himself. This, of course, is not the case when he stays with foreign monarchs, and the etiquette differs in each Court, everything being strictly settled by precedent. During his stay at Marienbad the King will make several long motoring journeys, and he has taken abroad with him for this purpose the finest and most powerful of his motor-cars.

Lady Theodosia Acheson. The grand-daughters of the Duchess of Devonshire have all married young and all married well. The latest of these to be engaged is Lady "Theo" Acheson, who has so often been included in her grandmother's royal house-parties at Chatsworth and at Compton Place. Lady "Theo" is one of the three beautiful daughters of Lord and Lady Gosford. She has always been specially marked out for affectionate favour by Queen Alexandra, and it is probable that her marriage will take place in the late autumn, in which case it will be graced by the presence of many members of the royal family. To the general public the three sisters' charming faces are familiar owing to the fact that they sat some two or three years ago to Mr. Sargent, who made of them perhaps his most delightful group-portrait, for he posed his three girlish sitters in a lovely Southern garden, and the picture was full of a spring-like feeling of brilliancy and gladness.

A Ducal Engagement.

Engaged couples are not often included in a royal house-party, but this pleasant fate befell Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker and Major W. F. Collins, who were among the Duke of Richmond's guests at Goodwood during the King's visit there for the race week. Lady Evelyn is the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and her betrothal has taken place only a few weeks after that of

THE KING, unlike most of his exalted subjects, never minds combining business and pleasure when enjoying his summer holiday. Before arriving at Marienbad, his Majesty will pay a number of important and, we may be sure, rather fatiguing visits to the two mightypotentates through whose realms he must pass before reaching the famous Hungarian cure. When honouring a subject with a visit, the Sovereign is always regarded for the time

her brother, Lord Alastair, to Miss Anne Breese. Major Collins, who is a well-known and popular Yorkshire landowner, lately came into a large fortune, for by a most extraordinary proviso made by an eccentric relative, he did not enter into possession of his wealth till he had attained the age of forty. The marriage will probably take place in the late autumn, and may possibly be celebrated on the same day as that of the bride's brother.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR W. F. COLLINS, LADY EVELYN INNES-KER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



A ROYAL NUN: PRINCESS CLARA OF BAVARIA, WHO IS TO ENTER THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT AT NORTHWOOD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Royalty in the Cloister.

Few people are aware that more than one European Princess is now living as a humble nun in a British convent. There will soon be an interesting addition to "royalty in the cloister," for Princess Clara of Bavaria, a delightful and accomplished member of the royal caste, is about to proceed to the Benedictine convent at Northwood, in the Isle of Wight, which already has a royal lady as Mother Superior. Princess Clara does not yet know the chief-tainness of the convent where she means to spend the rest of her life, but she will be sure of a very kind welcome from the only ex-Queen in the world who wears the veil, for the Superior of Northwood is the widow of that Dom Miguel who was once King of Portugal.

The Hidden Oracle.

Those American lawyers who have been adversely criticising our Bench of Judges have wisely fled the country. They are safe from the penalties for contempt of court. They said nothing very original. But we are always reforming, even in the matter of judicial methods. Whatever would these limbs of American law have said to the Rolls Court in the time of Leach as Master of the Rolls? As Mr. Walkley says of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, he was a regular daisy. You saw nothing of him: discomfited with the decision against him, a suitor simply covered his face and fled. Leach, too, covered his face, without fleeing. He sat in court with a couple of fans so placed that not only did they screen the light from his precious eyes, they absolutely hid him from the court, and counsel addressed a vacant place upon the bench. And at the end of a hearing there would come an angry roar from the darkness by which the chair of justice was invested. "The bill is dismissed with costs." Only that and nothing more. What would the sons of Columbia have said to that?



PRINCE FRANZ JOSEF OF HOHENZOLLERN, BORN AUGUST 30, 1891.

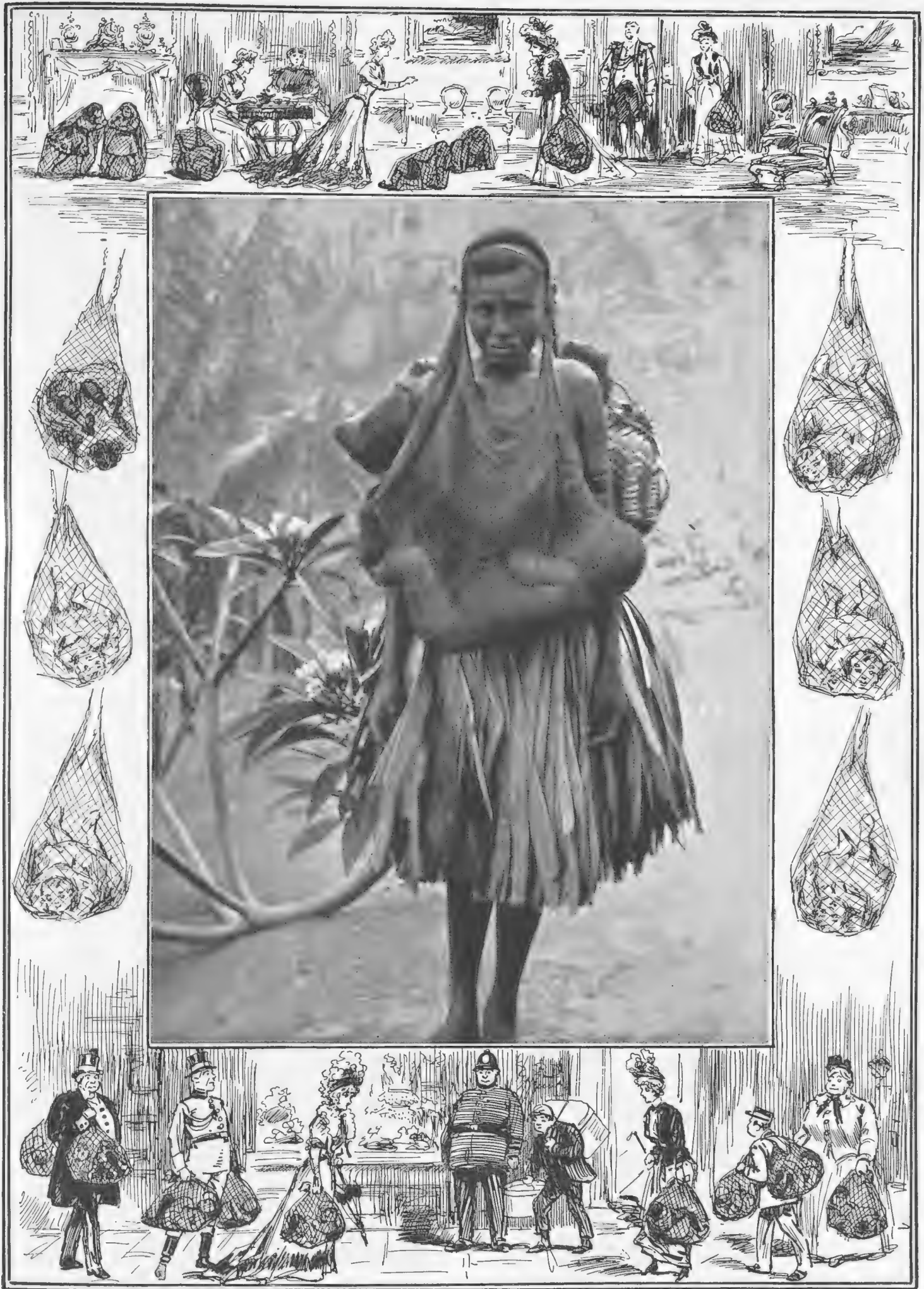


PRINCE FRIEDRICH VICTOR OF HOHENZOLLERN, BORN AUGUST 30, 1891.

THE ART OF IDENTIFYING TWINS: SHORT HAIR FOR THE ONE. HAIR OF MODERATE LENGTH FOR THE OTHER.

The parents of the young Princes have hit upon an ingenious method of making it possible to identify their twin sons, who are remarkably alike. The old plan of a slight difference in clothing, ties of various colours, and so on, is done away with, and the simple expedient is adopted of cutting short the hair of one boy, and leaving the hair of the other of moderate length.—[Photograph by E. Bieber.]

THE SEA-SIDE BABY — HOW TO CARRY IT.



A PAPUAN WOMAN CARRYING HER CHILD IN A NET HUNG FROM THE HEAD.

Photograph supplied by Oliver Bainbridge.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Impossible Athletic Woman.

Most disquieting reports are issued by people who, we are to understand, are observers of developments resulting from the craze of women for athletics and the open-air life. They are running a good deal to feet, says one horrid person. That they will no longer be able to wear any glove less than size seven. Women of to-morrow are to be big and brawny, and, horror of horrors, are to cultivate moustaches! Thankfully, then, we turn to the reflection of a poet—

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow!
For how could she be shaved, whate'er the skill,
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

There is some consolation in the thought, but, with fear and trembling be it uttered, this generation has seen a Bearded Lady, and the successors of P. T. Barnum, Esq., deceased, are, it is said, anxious to meet another.

Flights and Flutters.

A certain ten-thousand-pound prize offered for the first flight by air-ship between London and Manchester will not be won this year. In spite of the success of steerable balloons flitting hither and thither in France and Germany, aeronauts are as far as ever from being satisfied. It is by a machine heavier than air, they say, that they must conquer. And they will conquer, they believe. Their candid friends say they will not. The rest of us can afford to wait and read again the dedication composed by a French scientist of note: "To the memory of all savants, breveted, patented, crowned with palms, decorated, and buried, who have been opposed to the rotation of the earth, to galvanism, to the circulation of the blood, to vaccination, to waves of light, to lightning-rods, to daguerreotypes, to steam-power, to propellers, to steam-boats, to railroads, to lighting

A Motor-Cab Holiday.

The motor-cabs of London, if they come not exactly as a boon and a blessing to men, certainly help us to get about town pretty rapidly at moderate cost. But why has not some enterprising American, bringing Daisies, Buck-eyed or otherwise, to town, or some lord of commerce from



A TRAM-HORSE RIDING ON THE TRAM IT DRAWS.

Between Denver, the capital of Colorado, and Cherrelyn, a place on a somewhat higher altitude, runs a line of primitive trams. The cars are drawn on the upward journey by horses; on the downward journey each horse is taken aboard its own car, and the car is allowed to make the descent by its own weight.

the provinces, giving his people a run round the capital, thought of chartering all the lot, and doing the Grand Cockney Tour as it has never before been done? That is what they did when the first cabs appeared in Leipzig. There were between thirty and forty of them, but when substantial citizens set forth in quest upon the day of the vehicles' arrival, not a cab found they. It seemed as if the earth had swallowed them, or that equally dreadful fate—the police—had overtaken them. But no; they had only gone a day's journey into the country. The pranksome Max Müller—it was the days of his youth—and his friends had impounded them and hid them far from the turmoil of the city, so that not a burgher should enjoy the new-born privilege. And that is why to this day no man may hire more than two cabs at a time in the city of Leipzig.

Fashion in Equipages.

It has not yet been decided whether it is good form or bad to use the motor-cab. Such a decision does not matter one atom, but the verdict will have to come. The penny 'bus and the twopenny tube are, of course, quite smart, but that must be because the Bishops have taken to using them. Disraeli, it has been said, made the fortune of the hansom when he called it the gondola of London. Yet the Duchess of Cleveland never thought the late Lord Salisbury quite respectable, because he drove about town, not in a coach-and-six, but, as she mentioned in tones of horror, in a *brougham*! Why, Herbert Spencer did no worse, except that, owning a little victoria, he jobbed horse and driver. All these equipages have some time or other to run the gauntlet of the mentors of Society. The victory of the penny 'bus was the greatest democratic triumph ever won by the Bench of Bishops. For it was banned by bell, book, and candle not so long ago. Professor Vambéry,

when he was learning to tread the strait and narrow ways of London Society, was caught by a lady riding on the top of a 'bus. "Sir," she said, when he came humbly down, "take care not to be seen there again, otherwise you can no longer appear as a gentleman in Society." What frightful risks the Bishop of London has run!



A COOL METHOD OF OBTAINING A SWEETHEART: DIVING FOR A WIFE.

It is a custom for the Greek lover in certain districts to win his wife by showing his skill in diving and sponge-gathering. He proves his ability not only by his efficiency as a diver, but by the number of sponges he has saved. The girl also collects sponges, which form her dot. On occasion, a girl unable to decide between her suitors will arrange a diving contest, agreeing to wed the most successful competitor. Points are gained according to the number of sponges gathered within a given time, for rapidity of diving from dangerous points, for long stays under water, and so on.

by gas, to magnetism, and all the rest; and to all those now living, or who shall yet be born, who do the same in this present day, or shall do the same hereafter." It is wholesome to ponder over that dedication and let the high-flier of to-morrow enjoy his dreams undisturbed.

HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. II.



THE VICTIM OF INJUSTICE.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. KYRLE BELLEW, who has just returned to New York, is to appear in a version of "Le Voleur," in which Mr. George Alexander will in due course act at the St. James's. While playing in Ottawa last season, Mr. Bellew had a striking experience. The theatre in which he was appearing is lighted entirely by electricity, supplied by machinery driven by the St. Lawrence. In consequence of the severity of the weather, ice blocked the turbines, and the power being thus cut off, there was no possibility of illuminating the house. Luckily, it was late in the afternoon when the mishap occurred, not in the evening; when the

corresponding position. The four men left the stage as quietly as they had come on it, and so absorbed were the audience that they never laughed.

Much capital has recently been made over Mr. Otho Stuart's discovery of a new author in the person of Mr. J. Kendall. Although a new writer so far as the stage is concerned, Mr. J. Kendall is really Captain John Kendall, who, under the pseudonym "Dum-Dum," has published several books of humorous verse and written largely for *Punch*. He has also done a good deal of the same class of work for Messrs. Blackwood as "J. K.," and his last book is "The Crackling of Thorns," which has been so favourably reviewed by all the leading papers, and has had a great success with a number of readers.

The largest price ever paid for a shampoo must be set to the credit of the account of Mr. Richard Bennett, whose photograph as the lover in "Divorçons" was reproduced a few weeks back in *The Sketch*. A couple of years ago he was feeling by no means well, and consulted a doctor in New York. The physician's diagnosis was some liver complaint, and he prescribed a course of treatment at Carlsbad. It was most inconvenient for Mr. Bennett to give up acting and leave home at the time, but yielding to the earnest desire of his friends, who were anxious to see the physician's advice carried out, he resigned his engagement and started. When he got to Carlsbad he went to one of the leading doctors, to whom he took a letter of introduction from a well-known American actor who had been under his treatment. The physician



THE ORLANDO IN THE REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ROYAL, MANCHESTER: MR. GERALD LAWRENCE.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence, who is here shown as David Garrick in the play of that name, in which he has been touring, makes a hobby of music, plays the violin well, and has published several songs. He was Irving's "juvenile lead" during the great actor's last tour. He obtained his first experience with Mr. Benson, and was at His Majesty's with Mr. Tree for some time. Mr. Lawrence's first marriage, with Miss Lilian Braithwaite, was dissolved; as his second wife he married Miss Fay Davis.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

sudden going out of the lights might have created a panic. Unluckily, however, that very evening the Governor-General of Canada was going to witness the performance, and the occasion was somewhat of a gala one. A message was sent from the theatre to Mr. Bellew and his manager, Mr. Frank Connor, to know whether they would postpone the play. Under the circumstances, of course, they refused to consider the possibility of such a thing. They sent out for hundreds of candles, which were used to light the entrances to the auditorium, while some three or four hundred, arranged in several rows in front of the stage, did duty for footlights, and carried the minds of the spectators back to the early days of the drama, when the faces of the actors were lighted up by such primitive methods. In spite of the drawback, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and the play was followed with the greatest interest. If the audience were content, however, with the scanty illumination, the people at the back of the stage were not. They sent out men scurrying for stronger lights, and they succeeded in getting them. In the middle of an impassioned scene in the first act Mr. Bellew's attention was drawn to the unexpected and unwarranted entrance of a stage-carpenter with a chair. This the man set on one side of the stage, and he was immediately followed by another man bearing the lighted head-light of a locomotive, which he proceeded to place on the chair. The next minute another stage-carpenter appeared on the other side with another chair, followed by a colleague with another lighted head-light, which he proceeded to fix in the



THE ROSALIND IN THE REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ROYAL, MANCHESTER: MISS FAY DAVIS (MRS. GERALD LAWRENCE).

Miss Fay Davis was born at Boston in 1872, and first came to England in 1895. Her first stage work here was under Sir Charles Wyndham in "A Squire of Dames." Then she was Mr. George Alexander's leading lady for some five years. Her first great "hit" was, perhaps, as Iris in the play of that name. More recently she has been starring in America.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

listened to Mr. Bennett's heart and lungs, and made a careful examination of his liver; in fact, he overhauled him thoroughly. All of a sudden he touched the actor's temple. "I see," he said, "you have a little dandruff." "Yes," replied Mr. Bennett, "I am subject to that." "Very well," said the doctor, "you go back to your hotel and get them to give you a shampoo. That will cure the dandruff. There's nothing else the matter with you." Mr. Bennett went. He had crossed the Atlantic and journeyed to Carlsbad simply in order to have his head shampooed. Counting the salary he had lost and the money he had spent, that shampoo cost about £600!

A SUCCESSFUL IMITATION.



THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE AVIARY: It's a bloomin' shime, Jim, swindlin' a pore 'ard-workin' cove like this.

HIS LESS-BURDENED FRIEND: Why, wot's wrong?

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE AVIARY: Why, 'ere I slaved all day Sunday a-paintin' up a sparrer into a red-headed Belgian canary, an' I'm blowed if the feller as bought it ain't given me a bad 'art-crown.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WANTED—letters by or about Henry Fielding. That is the cry of Mr. Godden, who has in hand a biography of the novelist, and has managed already to get hold of some such correspondence hitherto unpublished. Having his inch, he wants his ell, and is sure that such manuscripts exist in autograph portfolios, if their possessors will only give an eye to it, and make him happy by a communication at Kincairney, Weybridge. One mistake I hope Mr. Godden will avoid, a mistake which Gibbon has done his best to perpetuate. "Our immortal Fielding," he says, "was the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brothers of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones' will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." The legend of the Hapsburg origin of the Earls of Denbigh has been dismissed by the heraldic Higher Criticism of our own generation. But who can grudge an error which gave Gibbon an opportunity for the gratification of his passion for rhetoric?

Scott called Fielding the first of British novelists, and Thackeray, about whom nobody has written without an allusion to the author of "Tom Jones," says of that novel that it is "indeed exquisite," and, in construction, "quite a wonder." The interval between Scott and Thackeray had undoubtedly had a modifying effect on the judgment delivered. And the further passage of time has produced further modifications. We need not here attempt anything so gratuitous as a "placing." But that Fielding was a great Man of Letters, with a capital L, will never be denied. That he may also prove to have been a man of many letters, with a little L, we will wish for the sake of Mr. Godden and our own.

One hundred pounds was not too big a price for the fifty-nine lines of poetry in Shelley's own manuscript sold at auction the other day. Any lines from that hand one would call cheap at the price; but these lines supply the otherwise missing authority for the text of the exquisite "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples," and authorise one new reading. Mr. Buxton Forman has borrowed the manuscript from the buyer, Mr. Sabin, so that all Shelley students will know its full import authoritatively. Subscribers to the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome will be glad to hear that Mr. Buxton Forman has given a large library of books bearing on these poets to Mr. Harold Boulton to send to Rome, in the interests of the Memorial.

A book is a greater event than a battle, we are told by Lord Beaconsfield, who made both battles and books, and therefore ought to be an authority. The *Athenæum* is a paper all about books; but it has an eye on battles all the same. Sir Charles Dilke is no doubt himself the expert who reviews in its columns such books as Sir Frederick Maurice's official history of the Boer War. No better notices of war literature have anywhere appeared, and military students of the future will find in a literary, rather than in any military paper, the best appreciations of the various and varying histories of the War put on the market since its close, and also of the conduct of the War itself and the capacity of the Generals who failed or succeeded in the tasks they were appointed to carry out.

A bibliography of the writings of Mr. George Bernard Shaw is being prepared by Mr. R. A. Peddie, and the biographer also is abroad in the person of an American admirer, who has come to Europe on purpose to gather facts. These are fairly accessible, for a want of communicativeness about himself has never been among the shortcomings of G. B. S. The volume will, of course, have to be illustrated by portraits, including, no doubt, Mr. Neville Lytton's "Modern Innocent," which is infallibly true, and M. Rodin's bust, which is agreeably flattered. M. Rodin, who has the national politeness at his chisel's point, was gratified by what he took to be the instant verification of his rendering from a friend of the poser. This observer, catching sight of it for the first time, instantly exclaimed "Pshaw!"

A religious census would be convenient in many ways, but some people think an enforced creed-declaration to be

inquisitorial, and therefore it will never be made. Meanwhile, private enterprise can go its own way; and many of the Peerages and biographical dictionaries of the day indicate at least whether a man belongs to the Anglican or the Roman Church. As a further development of this differentiation, we are to have a volume entitled "The Catholic Who's Who," with Sir Frank Burnand's name on the title-page as that of its general editor. The ordinary "Who's Who" has no religious test for admission to its pages; it is a book which no other publication will displace; but it is only natural that a large class of the community should seek to "specialise" and go into details and numbers that a general book of reference could not compass. Now we shall see the Roman Catholic celebrity as he is seen by his fellows. At last the mask must be torn from the Jesuit in disguise!

M. E.



THE POOR SHOT: Oh, Lord Potts? Why, I've shot at his place dozens of times.

THE OTHER MAN: Never hit it, I suppose?

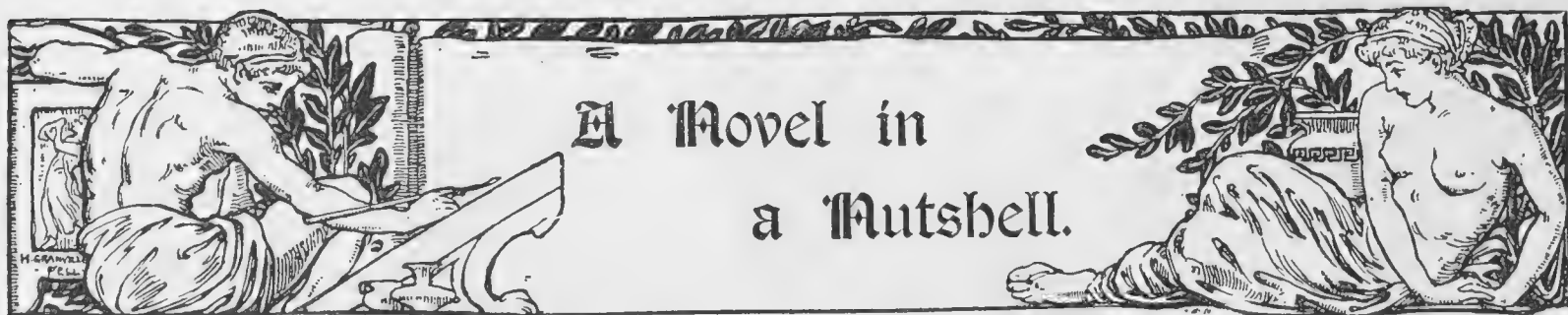
DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

CLOSE TO THE CLOSE OF THE CLOSE TIME.



WAITING HIS TURN: AUGUST 11TH, 11.59 P.M.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

MRS. JIM.

BY BRENDA E. SPENDER.

"WE have—the odd trick, Duchess."

There was a rustle, almost like a sigh, as the four players unconsciously relaxed their rigid attitudes of the last ten minutes.

The Duchess leant back and brought her fan into play with a graceful sweep of the white arms which have made her famous.

"I am not certain even now," began her Grace's partner. The other man slowly gathered up the scattered pack. The woman sitting to the right of the Duchess interrupted both occupations.

"I'm afraid you must get someone else to play," she said. She stood, one hand pulling at the lace upon her breast. "The room is so hot, and it makes me stupid. I'll just go out on the terrace for a while."

"Ah, Duchess, you good players are terrible people." Her partner suggested a substitute with some alacrity.

"Stay and have your revenge," said the Duchess. The other man made a perfunctory offer to accompany her, but she waved them all aside.

"No, no! Don't any of you trouble yourselves," she said. "Go and get Miss Van Teen, Mr. Bosanquet. She is an absolute mascot, and I'll go and dream in the dark. Good luck!"

"Wish Mrs. Jim wouldn't lose more than she can afford," said the Duchess, nodding her too bright head knowingly as she watched the other woman thread her way between the card-tables and gain the wide-open window. "Mrs. Jim is not a good loser."

"She tries to be," said her Grace's partner.

"Ah, that's in the blood—but you feel a perfect beast to win when you look at her great blue, dark, frightened eyes."

Mrs. Jim, just passing out at the long window, heard her Grace's high laugh and the man's assenting chuckle. She held her head a little higher until the welcome darkness hid her, then almost at a run made her way along the broad flagged terrace to the farthest end. There was no moon, but the summer sky was light, and the great elms were cut sharply against it in silhouette. Two sounds were audible: a murmuring of many distant voices—the world; a corncrake calling incessantly in its loneliness from the hay in the water-meadows—herself.

Mrs. Jim's young face had lost its fresh smooth colour; a great dry sob shook her tearlessly. "What shall I do? What can I do?" she said. Was there ever a creature so alone in a world of strangers with no one to hear her grief, or, if they heard, to care? Her long white gown crushed against the stone, her face pressed down upon her arms, she told herself there was no way out of the maze into which she had walked so easily—no way that she could take. Why didn't people who were too miserable to live die suddenly—quite painlessly and looking very nice—and refuse the attempt to solve a riddle which had no answer? Not that she had any intention of committing suicide, or doing anything nasty and melodramatic, only death, whose reality she had never faced, was pleasant and even beautiful to her inexperienced eyes when compared with some things life held for her in the near future. She raised her head again, and looked up at the light sky, debating in her inmost mind whether or no one had a right to expect divine assistance in griefs which are of one's own making; but she was interrupted almost at the propounding of the question by something that moved in the

darkness beyond the drawing-room windows. Mrs. Jim unconsciously straightened herself, and turned towards the light, and as she watched, the movement resolved itself into a man crossing the beams from the farther window, his white shirt-front making a high light suddenly in the square of yellow before he passed into the next strip of shadow.

"One of the house party; he'll go in at the next window," Mrs. Jim consoled herself, holding her breath with an unaccountable eagerness of watching. The man came out into the second patch of light; she saw that he was a stranger, a very tall man, wonderfully thin and lithe. "I don't know everyone who's here," said Mrs. Jim to herself, as he crossed the second belt of shadow; but he was nearer now, and as he came on unfalteringly through the light cast from the third window she realised that she had never even seen that narrow, dark, clean-shaven face before.

"He wasn't at dinner," she said to herself with conviction. She found herself still staring when the man at last came up to her, and, strangely enough, felt scarcely surprised when he stopped in his rapid stride and spoke to her.

"Can I do anything?" he said. "I am afraid you are not well."

"Not well?" Mrs. Jim repeated. "Why, you were right away at the other end of the terrace—you couldn't see." Even in the half-dark she could discern a faint smile drawing his lips apart.

"I saw," he answered. "Does it matter how? Sympathy, psychology—what you will, I saw you were in trouble. May I help?"

"You can't," Mrs. Jim answered shortly. She turned away from him and went back to her old position, with her elbows on the stones. The man, still standing behind her, sighed. Mrs. Jim moved her head a fraction of an inch nearer him, and he came towards her.

"Are you sure?" he questioned. "I have a great many ways in which I might serve you: I have strength and freedom and wealth. Are you sure?"

"Sure." Mrs. Jim broke suddenly into her own soft, small laugh. "You don't even know my name," she said.

"No; if I don't know your name, or you mine, it simplifies matters."

Mrs. Jim was silent. She looked away out into the dark, and the stranger scanned her face eagerly, intently.

"Why are you so conventional? If I had thought of that, I should have gone by just now. Perhaps you wished I had?" There was a hurt sound in his voice that brought Mrs. Jim round to face him, with a little smile trembling on her lips.

"No, indeed I don't. I think it braver sometimes to speak to someone that you think you can help when it isn't quite *selon les règles* to speak than it would be to bring them out of a fire. I should like to let you help me, only I can't. You see, it is a question of money."

The dark man nodded, his eyes still searching her face. Even in her trailing chiffon frock, with her hair dressed high and smooth, and her shoulders bare and white, there was an open-air daylight freshness about Mrs. Jim which sent your thoughts to a canter across the downs forgotten long ago, or to a windy misty morning

[Continued overleaf.]

NO KIDDING FOR HIM!



MAMMA: S'elp me, Bill, yer might take the kid for a bit!

PAPA (*indignantly*): Wot, me? Garn!—w'ere's yer mother's 'eart?

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

years back, when the creak of the cordage and the strain of the canvas and the conquest of the sea entered your very soul.

"I will tell you something about myself," said the dark man quietly. "I am not very fond of recounting all this, but perhaps it won't seem so out of place that I offer to settle your difficulties when you know. I am a millionaire. I made it—how doesn't matter—but when I'd made it I came back home. I went out without a friend; I have come back to find everyone ready to know me. As a boy I slept, once, in a workhouse; to-night I shall sleep in a castle, and why? Not because the Duke likes me or the Duchess finds me amusing, and certainly not for my connections—simply for my money. I've been in the country half a year, and do you know, I haven't a single friend! I have dinner invitations three deep, but wherever I go it's with a crowd; nobody ever shows me the home life that I have seen so little of. Nobody wants me, and I'm just weary for a friend." Mrs. Jim held out her hand hastily, only conscious of the pathos in his voice and her own longing to comfort him. "I will be your friend always!"

"My friend—always." He took her hand in both his, and looked down into her eyes. "Then you will let me help you, friend?"

"I can't."

The dark man loosened his hold, and her hand dropped heavily to her side.

"And you said you were my friend."

"Oh, I am, and I would borrow from you, I really would—but Jim, my husband!"

"Need not be told," he added hastily; "at least, not till you have paid me back and it is all over."

There was a certain look of disappointment and weariness which went to Mrs. Jim's heart when she saw it in her husband's young hazel eyes, and all the evening had seemed to be the worst consequence of her folly.

That he would pay her debts of honour she knew from much experience, but all his acting would not prevent her from seeing that he remembered her promise that she would contract no more such debts, nor hide from her how that broken promise hurt his sense of honour and his pride in her.

"You see, it's like this," she said hurriedly: "we're not so very well off—my husband is only a third son, you know—and I have been rather unlucky at bridge lately, and to-night I have lost almost a hundred pounds. It isn't the amount, you know, only he will be so—so disappointed—I mean he won't be expecting to be asked for it." She hesitated, and the man interrupted her.

"I insist on your borrowing from me," he said. "Why, it's absolutely nothing. I have it in my pocket-book here now!" He had taken a flat book from his pocket as he spoke, and opening it, drew out two sheets of crisp white paper. "Two fifties." He laid the rustling papers down on the balustrade by her hand. Mrs. Jimmy's head drooped lower and lower, a tear fell upon them.

"I can pay you back next month," she said slowly.

"And you can pay these tiresome bridge people to-night."

She stood looking at him with the paper in her hands.

"To-night," she sighed, in the absolute relief of the thought.

"How can I thank you?"

"You make too much of it. But if you want to be kind to me, let me come and see you sometimes—not when all the world is with you, but when you are alone; let me be your friend, and let us talk."

"Oh, I should like it. Let me see—I am going back to town to-morrow morning. When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"Ah, good, then you must come to-morrow and dine with us. But—what a bother!—Jim is going to a silly old banquet, a political thing, and I know you would love to meet Jim."

The man looked away for a moment, then—

"Perhaps I could meet him next time."

"Yes, but as I shall be alone—the servants."

The stranger burst into a low, merry laugh, and Mrs. Jim echoed it, she scarcely knew why.

"Scatter a few theatre-tickets among them and be tired yourself; we will have such a happy time together. You shall show me what a home is. Ah, I shall be envious, but for that one night I will pretend that it is mine—that I have such a home of my own somewhere." He looked up. "You will have repaid me in full then."

"And I will," said Mrs. Jim. She told him the number of her flat in Half Moon Street. "I'll try and make you happy; but, oh, you would enjoy yourself so much more if Jim could be at home."

The dark man looked away from her again. This time he smiled.

"I wish Jim could have been at home." She said it again the next night as she took the dark man's hand in welcome and led him into the tiny dining-room of her flat. The table was laid for two—a mass of roses and silver, a brightly burnished chafing-dish at one end.

"I laid your place myself," she chattered airily across the flowers as she busied herself over her dainty cooking. "I didn't

know what to do a bit, and I couldn't very well ask the parlourmaid to lay for two. I was quite worried, and then—wasn't it clever?—I simply copied mine fork for fork and glass for glass. Isn't it quite nice?"

"Perfect."

"You look glum," she went on, holding her head a little on one side, as though she obtained a better idea of him so. "You look quite depressed. You mustn't. The maids trooped out most amiably. They were so delighted that I couldn't help feeling I was doing a noble deed."

The dark man leaned forward suddenly and looked at her, his eyes alight in his narrow face.

"Kindest, sweetest hostess a man ever had! Your husband can sit like this vis-à-vis with you every night of his life, lucky man! What has he done to deserve so much happiness—and you?"

"And me. That's very nice of you, but indeed I'm nothing out of the ordinary run." She looked into the lamplight with dreamy eyes. "There are heaps of nicer, wiser women than I am—women who wouldn't lose more than they ought at play." Her serious eyes met his. "There's only one thing about me that any other woman might not give him."

"And that one?"

"You are shamefully neglecting my masterpiece of omelettes."

"And that one?"

"Is love." She looked down, and the pink in her smooth cheek flushed a little deeper. The dark man searched her drooping face, his lips drawn together into a narrow line, his face altered.

"Happy Jim!" he said. "But I have stolen to-night—to-night I can pretend that you are mine, love and all, and that Jim has never existed."

His spirits grew higher, his speech quicker as he looked at her more recklessly. Mrs. Jim became silent. Her bird-like glances, her smiles across the table ceased, her face paled. She found herself sitting silent and shivering, clutching at the arms of her Chipendale chair, while he paid her rapid, fulsome compliments. In leaning across towards her his sleeve had brushed against a bowl of roses, and the fallen petals lay red upon the cloth between them. Where she sat she could see the hands of the old grandfather-clock in the corner. At times, when her fear of this man most overcame her, it seemed to her that they scarcely moved; at others, when she pictured Jim's face as he found her tête-à-tête with the stranger, they appeared to rush towards midnight with sickening rapidity.

She followed them from ten to eleven. Jim would be back at half-past, and still her guest sat facing her, watching her every movement. Horrible as it was, she wished he might stay on for ever sooner than that Jim should find her so.

"Beautiful little wife of mine—of mine, our life together is perfect; roses and lamplight and love." The man's voice went droning on, wildly and yet softly. She gathered herself together for an effort, and interrupted him.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to leave," she said; "it is eleven o'clock."

"Lamplight and lyrics and lotus and laughter and love—lotus and love."

Mrs. Jim rose suddenly and dashed across the room; her hand was on the door when the man stopped her.

"Wait," he said. She, looking at him wide-eyed over the shoulder of her soft green gown, realised that he had changed again. He was no more the maudlin lover who had terrified her, but a strong man, cool and calm, with a wonderful firmness of the lips, a wonderful clearness in his eyes. "I am going," he said. "I am sorry if I have frightened you, but it's a relief to be mad sometimes. I want to tell you one thing—Jim must take better care of you. Do you know, I'm bad all through. I meant to be more to you than a friend, and I thought you understood—a little. I have had you in my power to-night, but I am letting you go." He opened his clenched fingers, with the action with which one releases a captured butterfly. "I am letting you go because you have shown me that in spite of all your little worldly ways, at heart you are only a child. Poor child, I have made you pale, and I wouldn't hurt you. I am going because I will not spoil the beautiful idyll in which you and Jim are hero and heroine. You have made me believe in things which I had never believed before—bankrupt in all faith as I have been. I am going now, but I shall remember you always. Only take care, for Jim's sake and for the sake of the ideal you have given me—there are other men who might not see, as I do, that your innocence is too lovely to destroy. God knows there are worms in almost all our roses." The last sentence was almost a groan, and at that he left her, without a backward glance.

Mrs. Jim fell forward, with her arms among the silver and her face among the overturned roses, crying bitterly. She was crying still when Jim found her and gathered her into his arms.

"Little woman, little woman, what is the matter?" he said.

She turned her face against his shoulder for a moment, and then slipped on to her knees beside him, and so sobbed out the whole of the story, with her head lying on his heart.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

IN spite of Socialism, and the underground burrowings in influential places to which, apparently, the Fabians lay claim, the accession of a Marquess is still a matter of moment to a great many people. The shrewd old proverb, "Every Englishman dearly loves a lord," is as true to-day as when it was first written. Accordingly a good deal of interest attaches to the personality of the new Lord Bristol, well known to the Parliamentary world as Captain F. W. F. Hervey, the genial member for Bury St. Edmunds. The new Peer is so personally popular in what was till last week his constituency that his was the only seat in Suffolk retained for the Conservatives at the last Election. Lord Bristol, who is an old Tonbridge boy, began life as a sailor, and had a distinguished career in the Navy before he entered political life. In him an exceptionally good shot is added to the Peerage. The new Marchioness became Mrs. Hervey only last year; she was Miss Alice Wythes, the daughter of one of the greatest, though not the best known, of Victorian millionaires.



THE NEW LORD BRISTOL, FORMERLY CAPTAIN F. W. F. HERVEY.

Photograph by Bassano.

then by grand-daughters, of our late Sovereign. Queen Victoria did not live to see Princess Margaret of Connaught become Duchess of Scania, but she held in high esteem the present King and Queen of Sweden, and the marriage of an English Princess to the heir to the Swedish throne would certainly have given her much pleasure. The young Princess, though she has only been married two years and a half, is already the mother of two sturdy sons. The eldest of these, who bears the imposing title of Duke of Westerbotten, is, of course, a future King. He paid a visit to this country when only six weeks old, and is a splendid, sturdy little chap; while his christening was the occasion of one of the most splendid gatherings ever seen in Stockholm, and was graced by the presence of his British grandparents. The Duke's little brother, a year younger than himself, bears the old-world Swedish name of Sigward, and he is to be known as the Duke of Upland. During the summer months Prince and Princess Gustavus—for so they are generally called—lead an informal, happy country life at a delightful palace overlooking the Sound. They are both fine swimmers, and share King Oscar's enthusiasm for the sea.

"Cabettes" for London.

It is said that the next fortnight will be stormed by the Suffragettes will be that portion of the Scotland Yard Bastille where taximeter drivers are judged and licensed. Paris has her cabwomen, and, in spite of the good-natured ridicule heaped on them at first, they are apparently

increasing in number. If Paris leads the way, why should London wait?—so observe the Suffragettes who desire to be Jehus; and when one thinks of the number of ladies who own and drive motor-cars, one is tempted to say why indeed? A very long time ago, in the days when hansom-cabs were first invented and when it was considered decidedly "fast" for a woman to be seen alone in one of those fascinating vehicles, it was whispered that a well-known lady whip, and a Peeress to boot, had dressed up in a suit of her diminutive husband's clothes and driven a hansom down Piccadilly for a bet. We may yet see "cabettes" established on the principal "taxi" ranks, and it will be interesting to see if there really exists any law against a woman driving a public vehicle licensed for hire.

An Heir to All the Ages.

The birth of a son and heir to Lord and Lady Bute may be regarded as one of the most important baby arrivals of the year, if not of the new century, for the infant's heritage is perhaps the most goodly in the kingdom, being fraught also with immense responsibilities and concerned with widespread industrial interests. There is at the present moment a remarkable group of twentieth-century babies, one and all heirs to immensely wealthy fathers; and those



LADY BUTE, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

born in this country, more fortunate than their tiny American contemporaries, need have practically no fear of the sinister kidnapper who lies in wait for the child of many a Transatlantic millionaire.

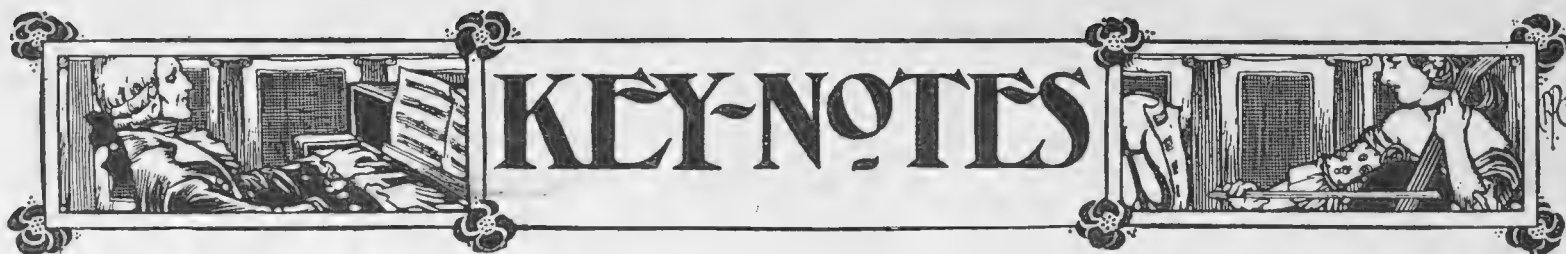
Why not "Cure" at Home? Everyone cannot go, like the

King, to Marienbad, or, like less important persons, to the Bads that are nearer home. It is now suggested that a diet cure might just as well be undertaken and carried out under one's own roof-tree, the more so that in the matter of a good food and fruit supply, not only London and her suburbs, but all our great provincial towns as well, might "give points and a beating" to both the German and the French watering-places. Of course if one wanted to do the thing quite thoroughly, one would be well advised to give the cook a holiday, and engage in her place for three weeks or a month one of the French, German, or Swedish domestics who come here to seek, if not fortune, then certainly a knowledge of our language. One great benefit of making a cure abroad is the complete change not only of diet, but of everything connected with the preparation of

it. This wholesome change is curiously absent in the case of royal personages, for wherever they may happen to be, their idiosyncrasies in the matter of the menu are scrupulously observed.



A FUTURE QUEEN AS MOTHER: THE DUCHESS OF SCANIA (PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT) WITH HER CHILDREN, THE DUKES OF WESTERBOTTEN AND UPLAND.



KEY-NOTES

DURING the past few months, the tragedy of the unfit must have impressed itself painfully upon many of those whom pleasure or business takes to the London concert-halls. Few who are in touch with musical life in London can fail to be aware that the number of men and women anxious to gain a living in music has increased tremendously in the

past few seasons, that the supply has outstripped the demand and shows no sign of diminishing. Year after year the academies are turning out young people who can play a little or sing a little, while differing from hundreds of others equally gifted only in the fact that their needs are greater. There are more than enough musical mediocrities to satisfy the needs of six times as many concert-halls as the British Isles are ever likely to possess and support; but the cry is still they come. Given ten people of equal attainments, the few engagements that fall to their lot are regulated very largely by the amount of *réclame* they can secure, the number of patrons

We have heard in the past summer of young performers who, being quite unable to give a recital on their own account, have undertaken to sell tickets for their more fortunate brethren in return for permission to sing or to play without fee at the concert, happy if their little contribution attracts the attention of the Press, and confident that the public will not readily forget the single sentence that deals with their merits. On the strength of such a sentence they will besiege the offices of the agents, who have no use for them, and are not likely to discover any, and they continue to struggle hopelessly and helplessly until they can struggle no longer. It cannot be insisted too strongly that the musical profession of this country is overcrowded, that the rank and file of those who are trained in our academies cannot hope to compete on even terms with the foreigners to whom music seems to come naturally. The conditions are bound to become worse rather than better, and only the musicians whose gifts are exceptional can hope to obtain a hearing. The rest must put up with conditions of life at which the City clerk of the second class would look askance.

We heard recently of an association of amateurs that investigates the claims of some of the foreign musicians who flock to this country, and advises those whose gifts are inadequate to seek some other mode of earning a living. It is a thousand pities that some association of musicians cannot be formed to deal on a larger scale

with this same problem, and keep the unhappy people who cannot reasonably be expected to come to the front from over-stocking the market, and struggling vainly for enough public support to provide the necessities of life. They do no good for themselves, and can but make the work of the rest more difficult and less dignified. Even the gifted few who look to the concert platform for a living must face a hard struggle. The great majority would be infinitely better off if they were earning a modest pittance in some City office, and keeping such gifts as the gods have granted them for the delectation of their friends. Music might add to their comfort, as well as to the pleasure of their social life. It cannot support them unaided. John Davidson has sung the woes of the man who is required to support himself and family on "thirty bob a week," but there is a song more grim and tragic in the story of those who cling desperately to the concert platform, seeking to succeed by dint of perseverance rather than great gifts.

COMMON CHORD.



A GREAT PIANIST WHO HAS BEEN MADE A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: HERR EMIL SAUER.

The great pianist, who has just been made a Knight of the Legion of Honour by the French President, is likely to be heard more frequently in this country in the future.

Photograph by Pielzner.

they can interest. The loudest cry is the one that is heard. Young players cannot stand alone: they need a definite amount of help spread over an indefinite number of years, and in order to secure the much-needed assistance are compelled to canvass their friends and acquaintances in fashion that would call loudly for rebuke if it did not call still more loudly for compassion.

As soon as a young musician can raise the money to give a recital he thinks that the end and aim of student years is achieved. The outlay is, of course, a considerable one. A sum varying from ten to twenty pounds may be required for the use of the hall; advertisements are expensive, but it is almost imperative to advertise. Some assistance is necessary, and it must be sought from the ranks of those who are to a certain extent before the public, in order that the concert may hold a definite attraction for those who know nothing of the débutante. Friends and acquaintances must be asked to support the venture to the extent of taking a few tickets, and when all that can be sold have been disposed of, the rest must be given away, in order that the hall may be filled and suggest the conditions that do not exist. The Press must be invited, for the young musician is quite confident that a few encouraging paragraphs will land him on the high road to fame and fortune. This estimate of the value of the printed word is much too generous. The concert-giver does not often pause to consider that in the height of the musical season many of the big concert-halls are suffering two recitals a day, and that the number of concerts noticed by a big daily paper will mount up to nearly a score in the course of a week. The concert takes place, publicity is obtained, and the concert-giver is fortunate if the loss that results is a very small one. All too often it amounts to a sum that would have paid for some months of much-needed study.



"THE BRITISH CARUSO": MR. JOHN MCCORMACK, THE YOUNG TENOR WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR THE FORTHCOMING ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

Mr. McCormack, who is not yet twenty-three, and is thus the youngest leading tenor who has ever been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, has been dubbed "the British Caruso." He is to play the leading parts in "La Bohème," "Madama Butterfly," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "La Traviata," and "L'Amico Fritz."

Photograph by Lauder Brothers.



THE BLUE RIBBON OF MOTOR-BOATING—BROOKLANDS AND FEES—THE MICHELIN DETACHABLE RIM IN USE—MOTOR CAMPING—TOURS:
SOME HINTS—A SUGGESTION TO THE MOTOR UNION.

THE blue ribbon of British motor-boating or motor-yachting has, like many other trophies of its kind, left the country for America, where it is not unlikely it will remain. The attempts made to retain the prize presented by Lord Montagu did not prevail against the single effort of our Transatlantic cousins with that smart craft known as the *Dixie*, and owned and sailed by Captain Dixie. Whether she would have proved victorious had her owner agreed to the post entries of the two fast French boats is another question; but, as things turned out, not one of Lord Howard de Walden's Daimlers was fast enough to hold her. *Daimler II.* was defeated by something more than a minute in thirty-five knots, but this beating would have been lessened by quite half a minute had she been handled at the start as well as the American craft. Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild were the only two motor-yachtsmen to put boats into the water to defend the cup. Now that the trophy has gone across the Atlantic, perhaps some Lipton of the motor world will build a craft to bring it back.

With their Bank Holiday meeting, the Brooklands executive did much to retrieve the grave mistakes of their initial gatherings. By admitting a shilling gate they went some way towards educating a public to a taste for motor-racing, a taste which all those who have any acquaintance with the sport agree must be acquired. But before remunerative gates at high prices are obtainable, very many more popular meetings will have to be held, if, indeed; the management do not find that popular prices have to be adopted altogether. I say this as I notice that the half-crown fee for the popular enclosure is to obtain at all future meetings.

On the Saturday preceding the Bank Holiday, while driving towards a South Coast watering-place, I was passed by a heavy car, the off-side front tyre of which, striking the broken base of a glass bottle, was gashed through and burst with a loud report. Pulling up to ask, as all good motorists should, if the unfortunates had all they desired, and being politely answered in the affirmative, I halted to watch the re-fit, as I noticed that the wheels were fitted with Michelin detachable rims. The breast drill-spanner was handy in a footboard tool-box, and while the

driver first jacked up and then rapidly spun the clip-nuts from the studs, the passenger detached one of the spare tyres and rims from the tyre-holders on the right of the car. The rim and tyre were no sooner off the wheel than the fresh one, already inflated, was on and secured in position by means of the breast spanner. The spent tyre and rim being secured in the tyre-holders the while,

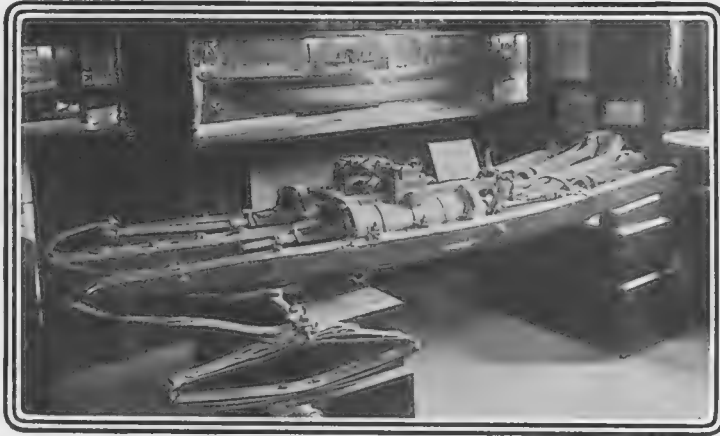
I do not think that more than ten minutes elapsed from the moment of jacking up to getting under way again. It was all quietly and easily done—so differently from the tyre-detaching and fresh tube introducing process, which will soon be abandoned by all.

It is remarkable that motor camping-tours do not find greater favour. I can imagine no more delightful way for two or three friends to spend a holiday. A full and comfortable camping kit could be easily carried on a medium-sized car, provided a little thought were given to the stowage of the impedimenta, which, if well considered, need not be at all weighty. A two-seated body would accommodate three friends, for the footboard seat à la chauffeur is really quite comfortable. The platform behind the front seats and the running footboards would afford ample carrying facilities. The tent should be of the skirted gipsy form, of very thin material, with telescopic tent and ridge poles. It should have a light indiarubber ground-sheet. Collapsible air-beds could be carried. If one of the party is capable of a little cooking over spirit-stoves, entire independence of hotels greatly enhances the charms of a camping tour.

As the Motor Union appears ever anxious to extend its sphere of usefulness, an opportunity offers itself in the direction-posting of country towns, so that motorists can find their way through such without halting to ask questions through their engine-noise, or taking wrong turnings, and having to reverse or turn in narrow streets to regain their road. Signs at the entrance to towns are useful enough, but what are really required are obvious, legible directions where turns have to be made in the central portions of such towns, and

where no indication of the necessary deviation is at present afforded. Here is good, useful work for the Motor Union which will trench on no one's preserves.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)



GLASGOW'S FIRST MOTOR-CAR: THE REMAINS OF THE STEAM-CARRIAGE BLOWN UP ON THE PAISLEY ROAD IN JULY 1834.

The steam-carriage was Glasgow's first motor-car, and was designed and built by John Scott Russell, the builder of the "Great Eastern." What remains of it is now to be seen in Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow.

Photograph by W. Rose-Duthie.



BURSTING OF THE BOILER OF THE STEAM CARRIAGE.
on Paisley Road 29th July 1834

THE ADAM OF MOTOR-CAR DISASTERS: THE BURSTING OF THE BOILER OF THE STEAM-CARRIAGE BUILT BY JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, ON JULY 29, 1834.

It will be seen that the motor-car disaster is as old an institution as the motor-car itself. The destruction of John Scott Russell's invention was not due, however, to the fact that anything had "gone wrong with the works," but to the opposition of the trustees of the road between Glasgow and Paisley. These worthies so hated the steam-carriage, which was plying for hire, that they prepared a special road for it, and it was in surmounting the piles of rough road metal spread for its benefit that the contrivance over-exerted itself and burst its boiler. Several of the passengers were killed.

Photograph of Print supplied by Park.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

DONCASTER CUP—CRACK JOCKEYS—CLASSICS AND ENTRIES.

THE race for the Doncaster Cup this year promises to be a far more interesting affair than the St. Leger, even granting that the prospects of The White Knight winning are particularly rosy. The horses entered are a peculiar mixture of good, bad, and indifferent, ranging from the one just mentioned to Foresight, whose best course has hitherto seemed to be six furlongs.

Amongst the real stayers entered are The White Knight, Torpoint, Troutbeck, Querido, Plum-Tree, and Eider. Of these, the Frenchmen apprehend that most danger will come from Querido, who carried off the Chester Cup. Since returning to France, Querido has won the Prix du Président de la République, a mile-and-a-half race, in which he beat Roi Herode, Ouadi Halfa, Eider, and others. Since that, Eider has been sold to Mr. Sol Joel. Whether he will be fit again to take up the challenge against The White Knight or not is a matter of doubt; but I should, in spite of the Ascot running, take the son of Desmond on my side. Early in his three-year-old days, I had a very exalted opinion of him, and his brilliant career has been a source of pleasure to me. He was a better animal at Goodwood than at any previous time in his life, and provided he escapes the ills that horseflesh is heir to, will be better still by the time Doncaster arrives. Last year's Doncaster Cup winner, Velocity, is again engaged, but he will have to take on a far more difficult task than he successfully accomplished twelve months ago, when, it will be remembered, he only had Achilles, Feather Bed, Buckminster, and Shilfa to beat. Whether The White Knight win or lose, he has already earned his right to be called the Cup horse, for he has won the Ascot Gold Vase, the Newbury Autumn Cup, the Epsom Coronation Cup, the Ascot Gold Cup, and the Goodwood Cup.

Providing he meets with no accident, it is practically certain that Higgs will be the champion jockey of the year, as far as the number of winning rides is concerned. George McCall went off with a rare rush early in the season, but he has fallen behind. To show how luck runs in grooves with jockeys, at a recent period G. McCall experienced a sequence of no fewer than thirty-five losing mounts, and the winner that ended the sequence came at a totally unexpected time—namely, when he beat a 5 to 1 on favourite. Everything goes right, as a rule, for the

jockey who is on top of form, and luck, and no one has cause to remember this more than Wheatley. Probably Wheatley is riding as well now as ever he did in his life, but because he is not on the backs of so many winners as a year or two ago, when he headed the list, he is not so much sought after. On the other hand, Higgs is in the full flush of success, and gets all sorts of promising mounts. I believe Mr. Sullivan was responsible for Higgs coming from Ireland, and the jockey has no cause to regret the change, for he has jumped right to the top of the tree. He is a skilful rider, perhaps better than all bar Maher, whom I regard as the very best we have seen since Sloan. Another good man is Hewitt, but something seems to have gone wrong with his engagement with Mr. Buchanan.

The popularity of the two great classic races at Epsom is well maintained, judging by the number of entries received for 1909. Numerically they show an increase on this and next year. For 1907 there were 285 for the Derby and 212 for the Oaks: for 1908, 301 and 255; and 1909, 318 and 281—figures that show a welcome and steady progress. It seemed strange when looking at the Derby entry to see his Majesty with only one nomination, until one recollected that he has leased from Colonel Hall Walker a half-dozen yearlings that are entered. His Majesty has had a long spell of ill-luck with horses bred at Sandringham since the Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon days; although, strangely enough, Persimmon has sired some real good ones for other owners. Let us hope that those the King has leased will be more worthy to carry the royal livery than many of the animals that have done so during the last few years. One or two of the other animals entered in the 1909 Derby by Colonel Walker will be sent to be trained by Mr. "Atty" Persse, who at the present time has that wonderfully smart two-year-old, Sir Archibald, under his charge. Mr. Persse is very keen on horse-racing, and knows his business thoroughly. Being an Irishman, he is, of course, fond of steeplechasing, so that he will be at it all the year round now. I wish him every success with Colonel Walker's horses. The King has entered seven in the Oaks, including one by Cyllene—Laodamia.

CAPTAIN COE:

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



"NOTHING BUT A CONFOUNDED DOG-FISH":
AN UNWELCOME "SALMON OF THE SEA."

The dog-fish is not popular with fishermen in this country. Comparatively few people eat it, and it does considerable damage to nets. Yet it is affirmed that the fish is excellent eating, and a few months ago various Cornish authorities met to discuss the possibility of making it popular as a food. It is much eaten in France.

By courtesy of "Canada."



A LADY'S PARTICULARLY HANSOM CAB: A WOMAN TRAVELLER CROSSING
A RIVER IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

The common or garden cab not having reached British Central Africa, the lady traveller whose portrait we give had perforce to use the human hansom.



THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD: TOOTS, WHO WEIGHS 23 oz.,
AND IS NEARLY A YEAR OLD.

Toots is a black-and-tan. Her father weighed only four pounds, and her mother only three. To hear her bark it is necessary to put one's ear close to her mouth.—[Photo. Illustrations Bureau.]

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Idyl in Berks.

If I were a plutocrat I should not found public libraries for the dissemination of sensational news, but should try to revive the drama and the Elizabethan masque in the English countryside. Boxford, near Newbury, is the tiniest and sleepest of villages, yet the other day it celebrated its fifth annual play. "The Masque of Day and Night," written by Mrs. Peake, with engaging music by Francis and Geoffrey Toye, turned out to be a poetic and graceful fantasy, in which the personages were the Day, a pretty child in glittering gold; the Wind, a saucy damsel—not a village maiden—in purple hose and a parti-coloured cloak; Father Time and his Boy (the latter, aged about seven, evidently destined to histrionic fame); the Evening Primrose (who, I understand, occupies the position of Tweenie in the household of the clever dramatist), and troops of maidens in yellow, in grey, in blue, who represented the various Hours. Then there were small Bees and Butterflies, who spoke their lines with the rich accent of the Berks which borders on Wilts; and a collection of chubby Dewdrops, scantily attired in silver-grey shifts, whom I seriously think of adopting. Moreover, these babies danced with spirit and abandon, for Mr. Francis Toye's music is admirably adapted to green glades, and more than once suggests a circle of Persian kittens whisking and frisking in the moonlight. The Boxford open-air theatre—a clearing in a wood perched on a hill—is ideal, and the whole county had apparently assembled to see this unique show.

The Gallant Policeman.

Woman expects a great deal of the policeman—at any rate, of the London variety—but she does not yet expect him to speak all the civilised European tongues. If he directs her to remote and unknown localities, she is content if he does it in the English language, or even by the primitive and primordial language of gesture; she assuredly does not expect to be answered in German, in the accents of the Boulevards, or in those which are heard in the Prado. Yet in Paris one hears that no fewer than a hundred gendarmes are to go to school again to learn foreign languages, especially English, German, and Spanish, in order to be able to direct strangers. The policeman's lot is not, as we know on excellent authority, an altogether happy one; but if in the future "Bobby" is expected to converse fluently in languages of which most of his betters are woefully ignorant, his case will indeed be a hard one. Occasionally, even in England, the "Force" shows its prowess in this respect. When I was at the great Exhibition of 1900 in Paris, I was amazed to find a stalwart British constable in blue who answered a question in excellent German! There was no Entente seven years ago—so little cordiality, indeed, that the English visitor was the rarest of birds, while the Germans swarmed in their thousands. Rising to the situation, the authorities had stationed outside the beautiful British

building two or three policemen with a working knowledge of the Teutonic tongue. Seeing me in Paris in 1900, these officials thought I must be a German.

The Pickwickian Woman.

regard to the men, one

Mr. Chesterton has recently been lecturing on the "Superiority of the Pickwick England," and if he made out his case with wonders what is his real opinion of the women of the Pickwick period? Is there one really attractive or satisfying feminine figure in the whole book, excepting, possibly, a certain rosy-cheeked chamber-maid, of whom Mr. Samuel Weller was enamoured? I write hastily, in full summer flight, and with the fear of all the Dickens enthusiasts who may descend upon me and annihilate me; but I cannot remember one single woman in the whole of that diverting epic of the middle class that I should like to meet in the flesh. What does Mr. Chesterton think of the imbecile ingénues, of the grotesque spinster-aunt who elopes with Jingle, of Mrs. Bardell, of the patroness of Stiggins? Would he be able to endure any of them personally for a moment, and will he not admit that the girl of 1907 is not only a more reasonable but a more attractive creature than the young ladies—they were always called young ladies in those days—of the eighteen-thirties? It is also a national achievement of which we may be proud that we have abolished the foolish maiden-aunt of that period from off the face of these islands. In truth, she is as extinct as the quaint geological specimens in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and men no longer go about in terror of a mature but sentimental person with corkscrew curls and arch manners who is bent on marrying them at all costs. If she be unmarried, the woman of to-day is either travelling in Tibet or Central Africa, serving on Boards or Councils, stumping the country at elections, or having other such occupations of an absorbing nature. The Pickwickian woman is as dead as a door-nail, and she will never be revived.

The Pots and Books of William de Morgan.

Mr. William de Morgan, who woke one morning about a year ago to find himself a famous literary person, is no slavish imitator of his master Dickens, for his girls and women are delightful. Yet the whole de Morgan family were so soaked in Dickens that it was impossible to spend half-an-hour in the society of any one of them without hearing a dozen quotations, several bewildering references to less-known characters, and occasionally having a whole page or scene recited. This, to my juvenile imagination, went oddly with the pre-Raphaelite movement, of which William de Morgan the Potter was one of the most strenuous exponents, for he was a close friend of Burne-Jones, William Morris, *et toute la galère*, and produced the quaintest pots and plates in his kiln at Chelsea. If you were a very good little girl indeed, he occasionally bestowed one of these beautiful and glittering objects upon you, with a speech of a humorous, genial, but slightly sarcastic turn. He had by then rediscovered the secret of old Spanish lustre, and one wonders if he will live by his novels or by the exquisite and shining pieces of faience which he produced for so many years.



A SMART TEA-GOWN OF ROSE-COLOURED CHIFFON VELVET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

FROM Cowes came accounts of great doings and neat gowns. White was conspicuously worn, and nothing looks daintier either ashore or afloat. Yachts are very spic and span in fair weather, such as the Solent is enjoying, and neat white frocks seem to be quite the correct thing to go with them. Yachting gowns, with anchors all over them and burgees and pennons gracefully dispersed upon them, were only seen in fashion-plates, where dress

for certain purpose has to be labelled. They are seldom seen even in that way now, for fashion journals more really hold the mirror up to fact every year. White serge, blue serge, linens (chiefly white and blue), were a kind of uniform for the women, and the only signs of their nautical pastime were Squadron buttons to their coats, sometimes a yacht club burgee on their hat-bands.

Cowes week over, sportsmen and sportswomen turned their attention to the North. Monday was the feast of St. Grouse, and many were ready to honour it. Just now, Scotland is full to overflowing. The lodges all have large



MISS IRENE ST. CLAIR.

Who recently gave a most successful afternoon concert at Aeolian Hall before a large and fashionable audience. Miss St. Clair, who has an exceptionally well-trained contralto voice, has been singing at some of the best houses this season.

house-parties. Dress for the Highlands has to be warm, light, and practicable. The Scotch women look so well wearing short, well-cut skirts of tartans of their clans, and boots of dark tan leather, worn and cleaned until they have taken the most desirable colour and a perfect polish, well shaped and neat, but low in the heels and broad in the tread for walking over the moors, the rough Highland roads, or the golf-links, are inevitable. The keenest motorist has to look to her legs up in the Highlands to get her over bad places. Indoors, except for the balls in connection with the various meetings, full evening-dress is seldom worn. A smart tea-gown such as will be found illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page covers a multitude of occasions during the Scotch season. It is of rose-coloured chiffon velvet. It is made over a cream-coloured spotted net under-dress laced across the bodice portion with jet cords finished with jet tassels. The sleeves of lace are caught with bands of velvet wrought with jet, and a lace scarf is arranged from the shoulder to near the hem, caught in at the waist with a jet buckle.

We are amusing ourselves greatly by trying to get a prize of £100, £50, or £25, offered by the proprietors of Wright's coal tar soap for a correct forecast of the number of births registered in the United Kingdom for the three months ending Sept. 30, as certified in the official returns. We all use the soap, particularly when we are out all day, as we are now, so we have plenty of wrappers. We can send in as many estimates as we like, with a coupon cut from the advertisement in *The Sketch*, and a wrapper from the soap. On the top left-hand corner of the envelope we mark "Request." We are using up our wrappers until the last day of next month, and when we want extra coupons we write to the proprietors, enclosing a stamped and directed envelope, and get them. We have all arranged what we are going to do with the money. If two of us send in the exact figures, the first two prizes will be put together and divided between us; if three, then all three sums will be divided; and so on, in accordance with the number of correct replies.

Although the grouse breeds in countries other than Scotland, probably ten sportsmen travel to the northern part of the kingdom for the grouse shooting season and alike recreations to one to any other part for the same purpose. Heralding the "Scottish season" the Midland Railway Company have issued an entirely unconventional but attractive poster, "The Cock o' the North," depicting a splendid specimen of the black cock standing on the northern part of the map of Great Britain, on which the direct route of the Midland Railway appears, and the important towns served by its Scotch expresses. A reference to our advertisement columns will show readers the extensive character of the Midland express service to Scotland, no fewer than eleven expresses running across the border northwards each twenty-four hours. Full particulars of the service, with interesting illustrated notes of the route, can be found in a handy pocket-folder (P.F.I.) published by the company, which will be sent gratis on application to any Midland station-master or district superintendent.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS RECEIVED: AUGUST.

BANDS.
MUSICAL MEMORIES, Parts I., II., III., IV. (Finck.) Palace Theatre Orchestra.
LA CINQUANTAINE. (Gabriel Marie.) "DE-JANIRE" OVERTURE. (Eustace.) Pryor's Band.
"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" PRELUDE. (Mascagni.) "NORMA" OVERTURE (Bellini.) WALTZ ("THE MERRY WIDOW"). (Lehar.) La Scala Symphony Orchestra.
CONCERT MUSIC.
SING ME TO SLEEP. (Edwin Greene.) SONG FROM THE SOUTH. (Edward T. Lloyd.) Mr. Edward Lloyd.
MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY. Mr. John Harrison.
SEA LIFE. (Batten.) Mr. H. Lane Wilson.
THE OLD SUPERB. (Stanford.) Mr. Robert Radford.
THE DANZA. (Chadwick.) Miss Perceval Allen.
VILJA'S SONG ("THE MERRY WIDOW"). (Lehar.) Madame Jones-Hudson.
UNA VOCE ("IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA"). (Rossini.) Mlle. G. Huguet.

DUET.
LOVE DIVINE ("DAUGHTER OF JAIKUS"). (Stainer.) Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. John Harrison.

COMIC.
THE SAFEST OF THE FAMILY. Mr. Harry Lauder.
GOOD QUEEN BESS. Mr. George Robey.

QUARTETTES.
ENTRANCE AND MARCH OF PEERS ("Iolanthe"). WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD (Chorus of Pirates, "Pirates of Penzance"). POUR, O KING, THE PIRATE SHERRY ("Pirates of Penzance"). (Sullivan.) Sullivan Operatic Party. O GLAD SOME LIGHT. (Sullivan.) Miss Perceval Allen, Madame Dews, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Robert Radford.

PIANO.
NOCTURNE, OP. 37, No. 2. (Chopin.) M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

HANJO.
JESSAMINE. Mr. Olly Oakley.

The batch of gramophone records for August does not, perhaps, contain any one record of outstanding merit, but the average is as good as ever. The least successful reproductions are, we think, those entitled "Musical Memories," which seem to emphasise even more than does an ordinary orchestra the weak points in so many compositions that have become popular. M. Vladimir de Pachmann—unfortunately, minus his asides—is heard in Chopin's second Nocturne; while broad humour is represented by Mr. Harry Lauder's rendering of "The Safest of the Family," and Mr. George Robey in "Good Queen Bess." From the remarkably popular "Merry Widow" come Vilja's Song, sung by Madame Jones-Hudson, and the famous Waltz.

"Have You Seen About Your Holidays?" is the title of a pictorial poster by which the Great Central Railway Company draws the public attention to their arrangements for the holiday season, and an examination of their A B C programme demonstrates that this enterprising company has done everything possible to provide for the holiday traveller. All arrangements are conveniently tabulated in the form of this A B C excursion programme, obtainable, free of cost, from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.



[DRAWN BY VICTOR VENNER.]

THE HEIGHT OF INSULT!

BRITISH WORKMAN: Garn, you dirty furriner!

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.

THE DÉBÂCLE.

SEVERAL singular points arose out of the great débâcle which slumped Consols, Home Rails, Yankees, Trunks, Mexicans, and other things, but one of the most singular was the absence of business which accompanied the excitement. Prices fell, to a large extent, of their own solid weight, not because there was any particular pressure to realise. Many prices went down without £1000 stock, or its equivalent in shares, changing hands. Dealers won't put any more stock on books already loaded up to the top with stuff for which they paid higher prices, and the public refuse to buy; so the poor sellers are in luckless plight. When they do venture to appear, or even before, down go the prices.

PROSPECTS OF RELIEF.

Were Consols to improve, nearly everything else, we firmly believe, would take a turn for the better. Markets are dominated for the moment by Americans, but that is simply because the investor is away holiday-making, and the most active market of the time being accordingly steps into the position of general leader, a position due by rights to Consols. Where to look for reasons substantial enough to produce a good rise in Consols we do not know. The Government have bought blocks of stock. The British small investor has sold very little, notwithstanding foolish statements to the contrary by those who ought to know better. Where the supply has come from is a puzzle. To explain it we must fall back upon the liquidation and realisation of stale bull accounts, of Continental holdings of lines held by financial firms which must have money, and have it quickly. We want to prophesy relief, to say that everything will be well before long, but we cannot see it; we doubt whether the lowest has been touched even yet.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDEND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Hull and Barnsley is the solitary Home Railway Company of importance which has cheered its proprietors with an unexpectedly good dividend for the first half of the present year. Not a single other Company has exceeded in its distribution the modest estimates which were made at the end of June, and this circumstance, taken in conjunction with the fall in Consols, the Labour talk, the dearth of money, the dreary summer, and the general absence of confidence, has lowered prices until they stand well beneath the range of those which ruled a year ago, despite the prosperity of trade and the piling-up of increased earnings in the interval. From the outspoken speeches at several of the half-yearly meetings lately held, it is plain enough that the Home Railway boards are in no two minds as to whether the proprietors or the Amalgamated Society should govern the conditions of railway service. The gage has been thrown and Mr. Bell's protests have been disregarded. We have neither the space nor desire to discuss the various points of an admittedly many-sided subject, but manifestly this unfortunate hint of cleavage may do more harm yet to railway prices. Now, if only the Amalgamated Society's officials could become large shareholders in railway stocks for, say, six months, and the various directors likewise change places with signalmen, engine-drivers, and guards for about the same period, what a happy medium might be arrived at early next year!

AMERICANS AND THEIR VIOLENCE.

Thanks to there being so little open account in Americans on this side of the water, the danger of important House trouble developing to-day is comparatively slight. The violence of the movements in Yankees was enough, we heard one dealer put it, to "kill the eggs that laid the golden goose," and the punter who does not mind gambling upon a possible margin of two or three points thinks several times before opening commitments upon which there may be five or six points loss in a single day. The Wall Street magnates are generally credited with engineering the fall as a demonstration of Capital against the interference of the Legislature, but this seems to be a decidedly charitable view to put upon the case. We doubt very much whether the bosses could have stayed the slump after the decision against Standard Oil, and although the danger of loss through prosecution is remote—allowing for the delays entailed by appeals and so on—the suggestion of such a thing has dislodged a lot of real stock hitherto held by investors.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS FINANCE.

Debenture stock in the new Vanguard Motor-bus Company changed hands the other day at 60½ for Special Settlement. This stock represents the old Preference shares in the London Motor-Omnibus Company, and is secured upon the four undertakings which amalgamated under the Vanguard title. Faith in these motor-omnibus concerns has been well-nigh shattered during the last few months, but this 6 per cent. Debenture stock at about 60½, yielding 10 per cent. on the money—assuming, of course, that the interest is paid—looks a reasonable risk. The motor-omnibus business, however, should be left alone by the investor who is not prepared to take risks. Wrecked, too often, by mismanagement,

and inexperience, the industry has sunk into a woeful state indeed, and we are thankful to remember having raised many a warning note what time the prospectuses first led the public to lose so much money. The troubles are far from being over even yet, and while a general revision of fares would do much to rehabilitate the luckless industry, it may be years before experience has taught how the business can be profitably carried on.

COMMONWEALTH OIL CORPORATION.

This is what our correspondent "Q" says with regard to the result of the eagerly anticipated Commonwealth Oil meeting—

Some very striking statements were made at the meeting of the Commonwealth Oil Corporation on Thursday last, which should serve to bring home to the shareholders the magnitude and the great prospects of this concern. They will probably attach most importance to the estimate of Mr. Sutherland that the quantity of oil shale in sight exceeds twenty million tons, and that the further "probable" amount of shale to be developed is thirty million tons. Taken in connection with the statement of the Chairman that a profit of over £1 per ton might be expected, these figures give some idea of the potential wealth at the disposal of the Company. Putting the same thing in another form, Mr. Sutherland asserted that the Company could produce and transport to Sydney crude oil at least 10s. per ton cheaper than it could be produced in any other part of the world. At the same time your readers must not suppose that the producing stage has yet been reached or can be fully reached for some time to come. The railway has taken longer than had been expected, but will be completed by the end of September or beginning of October, and after that the erection of retorts and refineries will take a considerable time. It will not, however, be necessary for shareholders to wait for the completion of these works before they may expect some return on their capital. The Company is already earning a satisfactory profit from the working of the subsidiary New South Wales Shale Company, and, on the completion of the railway, will earn further profits from sales of export shale and of coal. I have always pointed out to your readers that these shares are not things to be bought for a speculation, but are in the nature of a "lock-up" investment which is likely to prove very profitable to those who have patience to wait till the Company is in full swing. Everything which was said at the meeting on Thursday fully confirms this view. Q.

It may be added that the price of the Deferred shares, after being 2½ the other day, came down to 2⅓ in the general slump at the end of the week.

TANGANYIKAS.

In several important ways Tanganyika Concessions enjoy advantages not possessed by other shares in the Kaffir Circus. They are, for example, more independent of a general tone, and that tone generally dull, than any South African share one might mention outside the diamond division; they are subject, moreover, to strange twists of fortune quite apart from what may be happening to Rhodesian shares as a whole. The Company has fine prospects and pays no dividend; is therefore a good medium of speculative dealings. Other advantages of somewhat similar sort the Tanganyika Concessions Company has for market purposes, and we should never be surprised to see a brisk rally in the price. Mr. Frecheville, the famous engineer, who is now engaged in preparing a report upon some of the properties, is understood to have been favourably impressed by what he has seen, and for a lock-up gamble the shares look useful. But we doubt whether they are likely to be of service for a quick profit.

Aug. 10, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

K. H. J.—(1) Pardon the slip; we should, of course, have written Diesel Oil. (2) The newspaper shares we think you may hold with advantage. Of (3) and (4) we have a very poor opinion, although the former may turn out all right in time, if you don't mind waiting several years.

X. Y.—Bradford Dyers are the best in your list.

N. ROBERTS.—You would do well to realise the Railway Debenture stock, but the selection you send us smacks of the bucket-shop, and you might do much better. We would suggest £200 in Japanese 4½ per cent. First Series, £200 Cuban 5 per cent., and the balance being put into India 3½ per cent. stock.

F. W. P.—India 3½ per cent. stock would do admirably for your purpose.

Sr. I. A.—A doubtful speculation. The present price is about 12s. 6d. We should feel inclined to cut the loss.

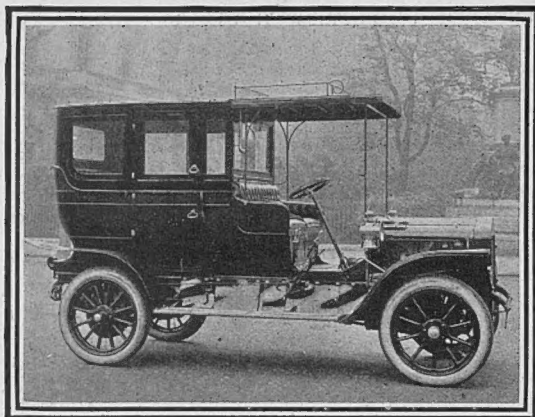
D. D.—The stock is guaranteed, as you say, and we regard it as a sound investment.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Kempton Park Second Summer Meeting, that opens to-day, is a very pleasant affair, there being an absence of the bustle that can't be avoided on the "big" days there. The Greenwood Handicap, named after one of the most popular journalists that ever lived, looks fairly good for Kuroki, who, with a 7 lb. penalty, has only 8 st. 9 lb. to carry. In the International Two-Year-Old Plate we may again make the acquaintance of Sir Archibald, who should win, despite his disadvantage in the weights. On the second day the tit-bit is the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate, which Woolwinder can hardly lose, the best of the others being Earliston, Linacre, and Dusty Miller. Orby, of course, will not run. The Princess's Plate, a five-furlong welter handicap, should suit Fra Diavolo, who ran very fast in the race won by Venilia at Sandown. Menu may win the Round Course Handicap. At Redcar, Little Flutter should win the Redcar Stakes, Hymettus the Great Breeders' Foal Stakes, Marlow the Redcar Handicap, and Fort Myers the Zetland Handicap. At Windsor, Menu may win the Castle Handicap, Aubergine the Clewer Plate, and Lischana the August Handicap.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

END-TO-END runs, by which is meant progress upon wheels of sorts from Land's End to John-o'-Groats, have hitherto been confined to Great Britain. Now that statement is of a somewhat bullish character, and it is probably ascribable to the fact that I am about to refer to Ireland, for it is evident that an



SISTER OF A MAKER OF RECORDS: LADY BUTES'S 30-H.P. WHITE STEAM CAR.

The following message has just been received from America: "All three White Cars entered made perfect scores in Glidden Tour of sixteen hundred miles over all kinds of roads and all kinds of weather. Model 'G' Touring-Car and model 'H' Touring-Car perfect for Glidden Trophy, and model 'G' Runabout perfect for Hower Trophy.—JOHNSTON."

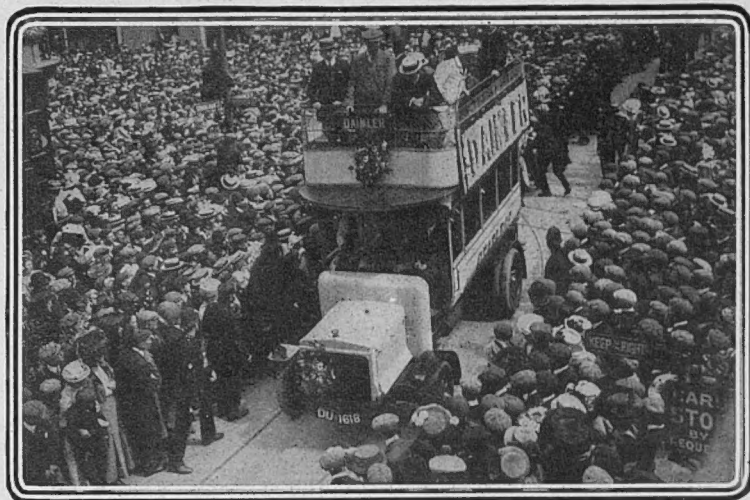
course, so far as I am able to trace it, runs from Goleen, a village on the peninsula known as Mizen Head, which separates Dunmanus and Long Island Bays, south-west Cork, through Bandon to Cork, and on to Dublin via Abbeyleix and Naas, then the Ashbourne road is taken to Drogheda, Newry, Antrim, and Ballymena, to Ballycastle, to Fair Head, the northern point. The distance for the double journey is 763½ miles, which was covered by the 16·20-h.p. Sunbeam, the identical car which scored full number (five) non-stops in the late Scottish Reliability Trials, and which

end-to-end run from Land's End to John-o'-Groats could only take place in Great Britain. Now, however, an end-to-end run has been established for Ireland, so that there is one more injustice removed. The end-to-end in the present case is Mr. F. Eastmead, who once more scores a big performance to the credit of his chain-driven Sunbeam "Phantom."

The Irish

since being put upon the road in October last has been driven by Mr. Eastmead no less than 23,000 miles.

The report of the Committee of the Scottish Reliability Trials is the most monumental work of its kind that has yet come under my notice. It should be in the hands of all who contemplate the purchase of any one of the makes of cars entered in those trials, for nothing could conduce to a more satisfactory selection. That sterling English firm, Messrs. Humber and Co., have every reason to be proud of the show their cars have made in these severe tests, for the products of both the Beeston and the Coventry workshops have gained gold medals. The 30-h.p. Beeston-Humber car particularly distinguished itself with 982·8 marks. Another Coventry firm gained a gold medal with the 10-12-h.p. Swift, a fact upon which I congratulate the Swift Motor Company. The extraordinarily good performances of the large majority of the entered vehicles should be a matter of the highest satisfaction to the industry generally.



A CONTRAST TO GODIVA'S STEED: THE DAIMLER GEARLESS 'BUS IN THE COVENTRY PAGEANT.

The 'bus made its first public appearance on the occasion of the pageant.



Never Use Soap to the Face.

PRESERVE THE COMPLEXION

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TAKES THE PLACE OF SOAP, IS CHEAPER, MORE EFFECTIVE, PRESERVES & FEEDS THE SKIN, AND THEREBY PRODUCES A LOVELY COMPLEXION.

I.C.Y. COLD CREAM
is a delightful preparation, being delicately perfumed and absolutely pure and snowlike, making altogether an Ideal Cream

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Full directions for use with each pot, together with valuable COUPON entitling holder to FREE GIFT, of Barnett's Celebrated "Oponax" Perfume.

